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HIS SECRET LOVE.

The Sweet Story of a Poor Girl's Victory---Pride and Its Fall---The Mystery of a Portrait.

By M. L. RUSSELL.

(Complete in this issue.)

CHAPTER I.

"Myra! Myra! Come quickly! The postman has just delivered a letter from your uncle."

"Well, maw, I don't see any reason for startling the life out of a person. I was just enjoying a lovely dream when you called. One would think the house was on fire," said Myra, opening the door that led into the sitting room of the Van Dyke Brown household.

"What has the old bear got to say for himself?"

"Hush, my daughter; do not let me hear you speak disrespectfully of your uncle. He was my only brother, and better than all, the world has prospered with him. It is years since I have heard from him. He was then poor, but now fortune has smiled upon him and his wealth is enormous. It is glorious news he sends."

"What difference does that make to you or me? The old wretch is probably married, and if not, would just be fool enough to fall in love with some artful creature. So what's the use of worrying one's self?"

"Fie, my dear, there is no possibility of any such thing. His letter says that he is in very poor health and is coming to Boston to see his only sister before he dies. The doctors tell him that his days are numbered, and as we are his nearest living relatives, there is good occasion for us to rejoice."

"You seem to forget Cora."

"No, indeed, I do not her. I wish I could, though. The white-faced, lazy little creature. I shall take good care he has no knowledge of her existence. This very day she shall pack up and clear out of this house. The years that I have watched over and given her a home surely entitle me to whatever little benefit she might derive from him if he was aware of her existence."

"I think you are just right about that, maw, if it is my dear uncle's intention to make his home with us. She is just cunning enough to play upon his feelings, and who knows what might happen?"

"Have no fear that I shall neglect this golden opportunity. Living as we have lived for the past ten years has no charms for me, my daughter—now that I can bid good-by to renting apartments and the slavery of keeping a fashionable boarding house, you may rest assured that I shall not allow myself or you to be robbed by a little minx whom I have kept out of the poor house."

"Won't Henry open his eyes, though!"

"Henry? Why, Myra, I am astonished at you, the heiress of James Desmond's millions, the fashionable world ready to bow down at her feet and worship her for her beauty, and her first thought is of a poor beggarly artist who is unable to pay his room rent! My dear Myra, banish him from your heart."

"No fear of that, maw. But he does paint so beautifully. My picture is perfectly lovely. 'So true to life,' he says, but I have no desire to longer waste my smiles and coquetry on him. As you say, there is higher game for me now, and I intend to look for some one who can give me entree into society."

"There, you speak like my daughter. I shall at once take steps to secure the acquaintance of some eligible young man, closely connected with one of our first families, and the Van Dyke Browns shall take their proper place before the world. You, my love, are fitted to shine among the very best, and with your uncle's money need have no fears but your desires will be gratified."

"In the meantime, maw, I suppose it will be proper for me to finish the sittings for my portrait."

"Why, certainly, my dear. We may as well take advantage of the chance we have. Henry Wallace is already in my debt for three months' board and lodging and it is the only way I will ever see my money, so go on with your sittings, and I will urge him to have the portrait completed in time for the Academy. Your uncle will be here for the openings, and we will furnish him with an agreeable surprise and tell him that we had it painted expressly out of affection for him."

"Well," yawned Myra, "I am so thoroughly awakened now there is no use in going back to bed again. I suppose I may as well dress myself and go up to the studio. No time must be lost if the picture is to be ready for exhibition."

Nature had been very kind to Myra Van Dyke Brown. As she stood in the door of her bed room her long hair, unbound, fell in glossy black ripples very nearly to the floor. Her beautiful well-rounded form set off to exquisite advantage by the filmy night gown that seemed to cling to the beautiful curves and delicate lines of a most graceful figure. Were it not for the peculiar something in her eyes that bespoke a want of soul, hers would have been an ideal beauty, and, yet, though her complexion was perfect and the features comely and harmonious, there was lacking in the lustrous black eyes that vital principle without which nature's fairest creatures are no more than elegant dolls.

Her mother was a genteel, faded-looking woman, in the prime of life, whose one ambition had ever been to gain an entrance into society, where she could have the pleasure of moving in the inner circles and securing for her lovely daughter a consort worthy of her charms. As soon as her daughter was ready to depart, Mrs. Van Dyke Brown said:

"Be very careful, my dear; bear in mind the splendid opportunity that lies before you and do not allow your dear heart to be led astray by a handsome face and melodious voice."

"Have no fear on that score, maw. I shall be as cold as an iceberg."

With a light heart Myra climbed the two flights of stairs to the room occupied as a studio by Henry Wallace.

Seated before an easel was the struggling artist, a manly looking fellow, broad-shouldered, with massive head covered with a wealth of flaxen hair. His face, full of life and enthusiasm, as though sculptured by a master-hand, was fair as a woman's, and the deep-blue eyes, full of feeling, were large and set beneath a broad, well-rounded forehead.

A slight tapping on the door. The artist roused from his reverie arose and opened it. His eyes but a moment before had been glowing with pleasant thoughts, and now, although the smile still lingered around the firm mouth there was a difference that to the initiated spoke volumes. It was plain that Henry Wallace had been dreaming of a presence more agreeable to him than the young lady who now stood upon the threshold.

"Good morning, Mr. Wallace, I have come for another sitting."

"Good morning, Miss Myra, I trust you are well. The sparkle of your eyes and the glow in your cheeks are sufficient answer to my question, however. You could not be possessed of such superb beauty if you did not enjoy the best of health. Your mother, how is she?"

As if in answer to his question, the door which Myra had closed opened and admitted Mrs. Van Dyke Brown.

"I am very well, I thank you, Mr. Wallace," was the response of Myra's mother in a tone that was slightly cold and repellant.

"I am pleased to hear it," was the reply, while through his mind there flashed the interrogatory:

"Hum, hum, I wonder what is the matter with the old lady? Her manner is quite frigid this morning."

Mrs. Van Dyke Brown, taking a seat, said:

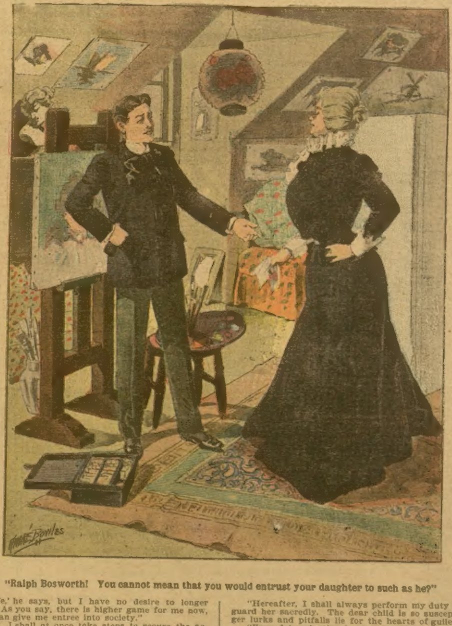
"In the past I have been somewhat neglectful of my duties as a mother, Mr. Wallace. I now realize that I should not have allowed my dear Miss Myra, charming little girl that she is, to pass her time without a chaperone in the presence of gentlemen. Society is very rigid in those matters, and I feel it my duty to the world and my daughter to conform to society's very proper exactions."

"It is very thoughtful in you, I am sure, and does great credit to your motherly devotion," was the reply.

"Hereafter, I shall always perform my duty in that respect and shall endeavor to guard her sacredly. The dear child is so susceptible and one never knows where danger lurks and pitfalls lie for the hearts of guileless innocents like Miss Myra."

"Your determination is most laudible and I surely shall offer no objection to your presence. It is a pleasure for me to receive two such ladies in my poor studio. Would my circumstances were such that I might offer you a greater variety of entertainment. You, I fear, will find it but dull pastime watching me work."

Wallace placed a canvas upon the easel, and, taking his pallet and brushes, was



"Ralph Bosworth! You cannot mean that you would entrust your daughter to such as he?"

soon deeply engrossed in completing the portrait of Myra.

Rapidly his brush, flecked with color, passed from the pallet to the canvas—the artist was in love with his calling and his skillful hand rendered full justice to his subject.

At last, Myra grew impatient. Wallace laid down his pallet and brushes and turned from the easel, saying:

"We are progressing very nicely—another sitting and the work will have been completed, I trust, to your full satisfaction."

Rising to her feet and advancing to the easel, Mrs. Van Dyke Brown held her glasses to her eyes and surveyed the portrait critically.

"It promises to be a very good picture," was her final observation, "but, of course, it is not Miss Myra. No brush in the hands of a human being could ever hope to do justice to her lovely face. Just look at her complexion and the soulful look in her eyes. Ah, Mr. Wallace, art can never equal nature in the creation of the beautiful."

With a calm face, Wallace replied in a tone that bore a slight suggestion of amusement:

"Very true, Mrs. Van Dyke, I could never hope to do justice to Myra's virtues with my limited powers."

The Van Dyke Browns left the room, Myra in advance of her mother, who turned as she reached the hallway and stepping back into the room said:

"Mr. Wallace, I grieve to say it, but Miss Myra's prospects are such now that it will not be agreeable for her to have you call in the future."

"Why, what do you mean?" was the exclamation of the surprised artist.

"Just what I say," was the cool reply. "Whatever hopes you may have had in the past of winning her, lay them aside. I was thoughtless to permit her association with one so much beneath her and can never forgive myself for exposing my child to the danger of misplacing her affections."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Van Dyke Brown, I have never had any designs upon your daughter's heart. You wrong me, I am sure."

"Then, sir, you will not suffer in the future if you are deprived of the pleasure of her society?"

"Not in the least, madam, I assure you."

"Believe me, Mr. Wallace, I do this for the best interests of my child. Ralph Bosworth of the Bosworths of Beverly is at present infatuated with her. He comes of an old family. An alliance with him will mean much for her and it would not be right for me or for her to do him the injustice of entertaining any other gentlemen!"

"Ralph Bosworth! You cannot mean to say that you would entrust your daughter's happiness to such as he?"

"Yes, Ralph Bosworth. His family moves in the best circles."

"There is no doubt about that. His family is all right, but Ralph Bosworth himself is a thorough rascal. His amours and intrigues have for years been the talk of the city. A gambler and a sport, without a redeeming feature, surely you cannot be so blind as to sacrifice your daughter?"

"There, that will do. How dare you speak in such a way of Miss Myra's future husband! You must have been more deeply smitten than I thought to allow your jealousy to carry you to the extreme of such a despicable attack upon the young gentleman. It is true there has been talk caused by the failure of some artful and designing young creatures to entrap him, but I am sure there is nothing that will prevent him settling down once he has sown his wild oats. Moreover, a union with him will give Myra the entree of society upon which she has set her heart."

"I have no desire to trifle with the feelings of your daughter. I wish her well, and would urge you as her mother to guard her carefully. Should her life be cursed by an unfortunate marriage you alone will be responsible. Be warned in time. As for me, I fully realize the vast difference in our conditions and have no desire and never had to ask her to share my lot in life. My ideas of womankind are such that I seek a phase of it vastly different from that presented by your daughter."

With a disdainful toss of her head, and "I am glad to hear it," Mrs. Van Dyke Brown followed her daughter.

Henry Wallace, with a dry grin rapidly spreading over his face, closed the door of the studio and throwing himself into an arm chair lay back and enjoyed the scene that had just been enacted so haughtily for his benefit.

"How rapidly times change, and with the times the people. Last evening, I was the courted favorite. Miss Myra playing the game of hearts for all she was worth—the dear, guileless creature—it required all my adroitness to escape being carried by storm by the unsophisticated little innocent, while her dear maw, far from being a slave to the requirements of refined society, in her broadness of spirit and lack of conventionalism endeavored to make me realize that the wise man made hay while the sun shone. I wonder what has come over them. Someone must have been kind enough to have died and left them some money.

"Ah, well, there is no loss without some great gain. I shall escape the boredom of being obliged to manifest an interest in the vaporings of the charming Miss Myra and can now go on with my work with a light heart without having her come romping into my studio and sprawl over my couch at all hours of the day, with her wearying demands upon my time and her insufferable curiosity.

"And, then, too, I shall enjoy a saving of tobacco. How the witch could roll a cheroot and with what gusto she would send out the rings of pearly smoke from between her rich, red lips.

"I am glad it is all over, however, if the old lady will only be kind enough to continue to play chaperone. It was getting to be quite dangerous around here, and more than once have I realized that the wicked stand in dangerous places."

With a smile of perfect contentment on his handsome face, he arose from his chair, walked over to a closet, unlocked it and took a canvas which he placed upon the easel from which he had removed Myra's picture.

"My beautiful Cora!" was his exclamation. "You, indeed, have been my guardian angel!"

Before him, on the easel was a vision of loveliness. If it was an ideal creation, then it was the offspring of an angelic mind. The delicate face seemed as if endowed with life and the soft flush on the cheeks and the deeper ruby of the luscious lips grew upon him until in the place of the canvas perfection appeared. The soft, luminous gray eyes, alive with intelligence were pure and maidenly. The golden hair forming a glorious background to produce most charming effects in its fleecy beauty—while the exquisite harmony pervading the whole creation was such as men love to look upon when they seek for manifestations of womanly modesty.

Long and intently he gazed upon the work of his hands and brain, and then, finally, said:

"Great artists have owed their success to the fact that they have used their brains in mixing their colors. I owe my success to the fact that I have mixed my colors with love.

"Sweet one, I shall do but little more. You are already perfect."

CHAPTER II.

The moments rapidly passed into hours, and still Henry Wallace remained drinking in the marvelous beauty and vainly endeavoring to detect any possible defects or combinations that would enable him to improve upon the lovely face that returned with such exquisite tenderness the deep glances of adoration with which he gazed upon it.

"It may be my love for the original is so great, and her presence so strongly mirrored in my mind, that I am unable when I look upon the canvas to see what is other than the likeness that is impressed upon my mind and thus, I am unable to detect the flaws that may have crept into my work.

"Whatever the opinion others may form as to its perfection, to me it is the most beautiful creation my brain has ever dwelt upon, with the exception of the incomparable original. No brush, no dreaming mind, however delicately nurtured or skillfully modeled, could do justice to a single feature, and the veriest lock of her golden hair would defy anything like a realistic reproduction at the hands of any earthly mortal.

"Ah, beauty is a wonderful thing in its vagaries. To think that in this household there should be two such perfect opposites.

"Take Miss Myra, for instance, with her rich dark charms and rippling black hair, her dreamy eyes and enticing red lips, the symmetry of an houri in her voluptuous form—a bewitching creature, such as would drag men's souls into perdition. And then Cora, she of the fleecy golden hair. Fragile and willowy of form, with the face of an angel and eyes of a delicate gray from which look forth a soul of spotless purity.

"Night and Morning—a bewitching Night—but for me the pure and lovely Morning in its soul-pervading beauty.

"And to think the old lady should have fallen so far short in her judgment as to suppose that I should for a moment seek to grasp at the presence when the reality was at hand in the fullness of its glory."

How long he would have continued his musings we know not. The muffled striking of the clock in a neighboring tower fell upon his ear and barely had the final stroke proclaimed the hour of four when he once again arose to answer a gentle knock.

An expression of supreme delight swept over his countenance and in his eyes there came a look of unfathomable love, as the opening door gave admission to a neatly dressed young lady. Her garments, though plain, were worn with an air of grace that quickly led the eye to the face of the wearer. The graceful walk and demeanor were such as to carry the mind of the onlooker beyond the plainness of her attire and make him realize that although that form might be clothed in rags, still would it be the embodiment of modesty.

Cora, for it was she, advanced to the center of the room before her eyes were greeted by the picture of herself upon the easel.

Spellbound, she stood, in mute admiration, until, after some moments she threw off the thrall that bound her and turning to the overjoyed artist, said:

"Isn't she beautiful, Mr. Wallace?"

And then, conscious that she was but gazing upon Henry Wallace's conception of herself, she turned away her face upon which a rich crimson blush was rapidly spreading.

"I trust you are pleased with the progress I have made?" said Wallace. "Do you see any alterations to suggest?"

In low, sweet, modulated tones came the answer:

"As a work of art I feel that you have made a grand success. You have succeeded in idealizing a commonplace subject into a wonderful being. Oh, so beautiful! Earth does not contain it's like, and I doubt if nature is ever so beneficient as to bestow upon any one mortal all the glories you have vested in the creation of your mind and brush. Your trained eye is far more competent to judge as to any defects in the technique. To me it is sublimely perfect."

Henry Wallace's eyes glowed with genuine pleasure as he made reply:

"I see no defect and yet, I feared that my mind was so thoroughly permeated with its subject that I could not realize to the full the ability displayed in depicting my conception of the sitter. With your judgment I am satisfied to abide. As it now is, it shall be hung upon the walls of the Academy and determine my future."

"I am so glad it is completed, for tomorrow I shall go away and feared that my departure would interfere with your plans."

The artist's voice but faintly pictured the consternation in the voice as he exclaimed:

"Go away! Why, what do you mean?"

The golden hair in its wealth of glory was glittering in the last rays of the setting sun that flooded the room as in tremulous tones Cora Haven said:

"For some reason my aunt has always manifested the utmost impatience towards me. I know not why it was, for I have always tried to please her and have endeavored to be as little in her way as possible.

"I have realized that I was but a dependent upon her, and have been only too happy to perform the household drudgery with a light heart as a return to her for the kindness she displayed in granting me a refuge and a home.

"Today, for some reason, she has been more unkind than ever, and has told me that I must seek employment in some other place as it will not longer be agreeable or convenient for her to shelter me."

Thoroughly angry at the heartlessness that had been displayed by Mrs. Van Dyke Brown, Wallace smothered an angry exclamation and quickly apologizing for his rudeness, said:

"Your aunt has indeed been very kind to you. You have saved her the expense of hired help and have uncomplainingly borne the burden of this establishment upon your poor, fragile shoulders. You have no occasion to look upon yourself as a dependent, for you have rendered a hundred-fold return for any slight consideration you may have received at her hands."

Then, turning to the young lady with his face suffused with color and a look of determination in his deep blue eyes he said:

"Do you realize to what I owe my success, little one, in that picture."

"Why?" was the answer, "to the years of unremitting toil and the natural gifts a beneficient Creator has bestowed upon you."

"In part, you are right. The great Master of all things has indeed been very kind to me, and I have earnestly striven to develop to the full nature's bounty, but there is one other element which entered into it that until now has been deeply shrouded in my heart. Cora, my success was only made possible by the great love I bore you."

While speaking he gently took her hand in his and earnestly sought to read his fate in her eyes.

"Oh, Henry, how could you!" she cried, vainly striving to withdraw her hand. While the happiness that permeated her being was but poorly concealed by the tide of crimson bathing her face.

"How could I? What a ridiculous question for you to ask. What else could I do? Your beauty was before my eyes sleeping and waking. For me there was no alternative but to place upon the canvas that which filled my mind, and now, that it is done, I realize how vain and foolish, how little satisfied I would be to possess the semblance beautiful as it is, if the original should by any chance pass from me."

The slight hand had ceased its struggles and lay at rest in his firm clasp. While into the melting eyes of the beautiful blushing girl came a look of ineffable happiness.

"I am so happy," she murmured, and the sound of her voice fell like sweetest music upon his listening ears. "I have loved you, oh, so tenderly."

"Place your trust in me but for a short time, and as I live there shall be for you a happy future without care or sorrow, my darling," Wallace said, enfolding her into his arms and pressing a kiss upon her trembling lips.

The days slowly draggel their weary length. A single week remained before the opening of the exhibition.

In the meantime Henry Wallace's circumstances had changed somewhat for the better, although his studio was still in the attic of the Van Dyke Brown household.

James Desmond, now an inmate of the house, was most devotedly attended by Mrs. Van Dyke Brown and her fascinating daughter. Fortune was showering her fairest smiles while the rich uncle, worn and feeble, was most lavish in the bounty he bestowed upon them.

So pleased were Myra and her mother with the work of Henry Wallace on Myra's portrait that they resolved James Desmond should be the first to see it, and thus we find them in Henry Wallace's studio.

Mrs. Van Dyke Brown stood with motherly solicitude by the side of the chair which had been placed to the best advantage by the artist and was now occupied by her brother, white and wan.

Myra, with artless girlishness which she knew so well how to assume, a look of eager expectation on her face, lightly stepped to a corner, and taking a heavy frame covered with a curtain, had placed it on the easel while her mother and Wallace were attending to the comfort of Mr. Desmond.

Conscious of anticipated triumph, Myra was a beautiful picture as she stood by the easel grasping the ribbon with which she was to draw the curtain.

Nothing had been spared to produce the most pleasing effect upon the old gentleman, and when all was ready, Myra said to her uncle:

"See, uncle, what a surprise mamma and I give you as an expression of the great love we bear you."

The curtain rolled back. Mrs. Van Dyke Brown and her daughter eagerly watching James Desmond's face were greatly gratified at the look of pleasure that came into his eyes, but were utterly unprepared for the exclamation that broke from his lips, as starting to his feet, he cried, "Cora! My God! Where did you get her portrait?"

With consternation in their faces, Mrs. Van Dyke Brown and Myra turned to the easel and beheld not the dark, glowing beauty of Myra, but the angelic face of the despised kitchen girl, Cora.

Quick glances passed from one to the other, and Mrs. Van Dyke Brown rallying, said:

"Oh, that is one of Mr. Wallace's idle fancies—an ideal picture, not to be compared for an instant with the portrait of Miss Myra."

James Desmond's face was hard and stern as he looked her full in the eyes and replied:

"I care not for your daughter's picture. You have conferred upon me an inestimable favor. I shall not forget it. None other has ever been or ever will be to me what that face upon the canvas so faithfully represents. It is too real and lifelike for the creation of an idle fancy. I must see the original that made an impression strong enough to produce such a wonderful semblance."

Henry Wallace's words added greatly to the confusion of Myra and her mother. "If you wish to see the original of that portrait, it will give me great pleasure to present her to you, for she is my wife."

Turning and crossing the floor he opened the door of an adjoining chamber, and entering the room, quickly returned, holding by the hand his beautiful model.

There were no explantions necessary. James Desmond quickly grasped the situation and with a new life in his feeble frame took Cora's hand in his, saying:

"My child, your mother was my favorite sister. Pure as an angel, and with a heart that was ever ready to respond to others' woes. At home, she was imposed upon by those who were more worldly than herself and oft times denied herself the simplest pleasures in life that her sisters might add to their round of enjoyment.

"I knew she had passed away but I have never known that she had left her one who was the exact counterpart of what she was at twenty years of age.

"Now, that you have come to me be assured that I will most gladly endeavor to make amends for my past neglect. What I have is yours. It will be a pleasure for me to bestow upon you, her child, proof, slight though it may be, of the great love I bore your mother."

Cora's face was flushed with pleasure as she replied:

"I thank you, uncle, I have often heard my mother speak of you in the most endearing terms and wonder where you were, and often times her prayers have been wafted to the throne of heavenly grace that you might prosper in all things. Permit me to introduce my husband, Henry Wallace, the artist."

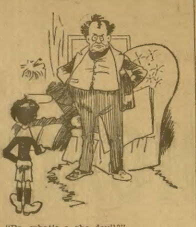
The old gentleman after surveying the young artist critically reached out his hand and said:

"I like his looks, Cora, and feel that you have done well."

"There is no occasion for me to remain longer under a cloud," said Henry Wallace.

"It is true my name is Henry Wallace, but I am not exactly what I appear to be. I know not just what caused me to do so, but I found pleasure in living the life of a

Made Him Think.



"Pa, what's a she devil?"

"Say another word against your mother, Adolphus, and I'll give you a good hiding."

Spring Medicine

There's no season when good medicine is so much needed as in the Spring, and there's no medicine which does so much good in Spring as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not delay taking it. Don't put it off till your health tone gets too low to be lifted.

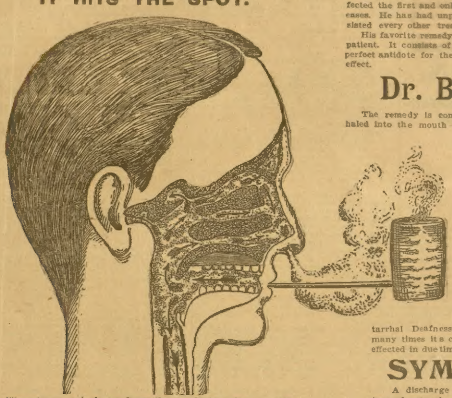
HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Will give you a good appetite, purify and enrich your blood, overcome that tired feeling, give you mental and digestive strength and steady nerves. Be sure to ask for HOOD'S, and be sure you get Hood's, the best medicine money can buy. It is

Peculiar to Itself

SMOKING CURES CATARRH

"IT HITS THE SPOT."



The above cut shows how the medicinal fumes of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, when smoked and inhaled fill every portion of the nasal passage, and enter every cell and cavity, where none of the ordinary remedies can be applied.

CONTAINS NO TOBACCO

Dr. Blosser, who has devoted twenty-five years to the treatment of catarrhal diseases, has perfected the first and only completely satisfactory treatment that has been found for catarrhal diseases. He has had unparalleled success, curing cases of 16, 20 and 25 years' standing that had resisted every other treatment.

His favorite remedy is now prepared for home treatment, and is sent by mail direct to the patient. It consists of a combination of medical herbs, flowers, seeds and extracts that are a perfect antidote for the catarrhal poison or germ, and perfectly harmless and pleasant in their effect.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure

The remedy is converted into a dense vapor or smoke by smoking in a pipe, and is inhaled into the mouth and exhaled through the nasal passages. The potent and penetrating volatile extract of the remedy is thus applied directly and thoroughly to the affected parts in every cavity, cell or air-passage in the nose, head, throat and lungs.

No other method and no other remedy can reach and cure the disease in all locations, and this accounts for the failure of ordinary remedies.

COSTS ONLY $1.00
One Month's Treatment

Write to us, giving a brief description of the symptoms of your case; enclose $1.00 and we will send you by mail, postage paid, one box of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, which contains one month's treatment. If your case requires special attention, Dr. Blosser will give you, without extra charge, the benefit of his long and successful experience in treating Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrhal Deafness. The great relief that the remedy will be sure to give you is well worth many times its cost, and you have in addition to this the practical certainty of a cure being effected in due time.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH

A discharge from the nose or running back into the throat, is the most prominent symptom of catarrh. The discharge varies in character. At first it is thin, then gradually becomes thicker. It may be profuse or scanty. The color is dirty white, yellow, brown, green, or sometimes streaked with blood. It becomes more acrid, putrid and poisonous as the disease progresses. Sometimes the breath becomes very offensive. Other symptoms of catarrh, present in some cases and absent in others, are: headache, a "stopped up" feeling in the nose or head; ringing or buzzing sounds in the ears; huskiness or a nasal tone of voice; sore throat; bronchitis; asthma; frequent colds, taken without apparent cause; weakness or redness of the eyes; dullness of hearing or deafness; loss of memory bad taste in the mouth; indigestion; neuralgia; nervousness; despondency, etc. Catarrh constantly manifests a tendency to extend to the stomach and lungs, producing indigestion, bronchitis or bronchial catarrh, asthma and consumption.

TESTIMONY THAT CANNOT BE DOUBTED.

The following letters contain the statements of reliable persons who have been cured by this remedy, and who give their testimony for the purpose of benefiting others who are suffering as they did before they used Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure:

Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma—"A Living Skeleton."

I cannot find words to express the faith and confidence that I have in your medicine. For nearly three years I had spasmodic asthma, complicated with bronchitis and catarrh of the head, throat and lungs. For twenty years I had catarrh of the head, and bronchitis.

Thirty-three months ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs. For two years my sufferings were indescribable. I lost strength and flesh; I was almost a living skeleton. I tried nearly everything I could hear of that was recommended for the cure of the disease from which I suffered, and they did me little or no good. I had given up all hope of ever seeing another well day.

Hearing of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, I sent for a package. It helped me from the start. In two days, to the happy surprise of myself and wife, the spasmodic attack left me, and in five days I felt like a new man. I was overjoyed. Before I commenced using the Catarrh Cure I had not lain down to sleep for fourteen months, but sat up in bed or in a chair to sleep. In a few weeks I could lie down and sleep any way. I also had dropsy of the feet and legs. I wrote to Dr. Blosser for some of his Liver Tonic Pills, and commenced using them. In one week the swelling had gone down.

My weight when I commenced using Dr. Blosser's medicine was 129½ pounds; now I weigh 146½; I am 65 years old. Yours respectfully, ARCHIBALD B. WAGNER.
Ballard, W. Va.

Confirmed by Neighbors.

I have been a neighbor of Mr. A. B. Wagner for the past four years, and have visited him frequently during his affliction. To see him to-day walking with the agility of a boy seems indeed a miracle.
H. L. WILLIAMS,
Ballard, Monroe Co., W. Va.

Every word of the above testimonial of Mr. A. B. Wagner is correct. He has been and is now my nearest neighbor, and I sat up with him of nights frequently. We had no idea that he would every be about again.
PROF. C. W. BROYLES.

Certificate of an Eminent Physician.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son:

Gentlemen—I tender you my sincere thanks and take pleasure in recommending your remedy to the profession, and to the public, as a safe, pleasant and most reliable remedy for catarrh.

I have purchased and sent your Catarrh Remedy to several of my friends, who suffered very much as I did, and they have reported to me as having received the same good results which attended its use in my own case. I have received many letters during the past year from parties in various sections of the United States asking me as to the certificate I gave you being a genuine one. I have replied to each, and have advised them to give the remedy a fair trial, and believe they would be cured. I have used it in my practice whenever a case presented.

I have been cured by your remedy, and again tender you my sincere thanks. Very respectfully, R. K. GREGORY, M. D.
Greensboro, N. C.

Evangelist Cured 19 Years Ago—No Return.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, Atlanta, Ga.:

Dear Sirs—I was a sufferer from nasal catarrh for fifteen years, and it developed into the worst form, impairing my eyesight and injuring my hearing. It also affected my bronchial tubes seriously. My nervous system gave way, unfitting me for the duties of life.

By the constant use of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure I was permanently cured in the year 1881, making nineteen years in which I have never had a return of the disease, nor have I felt the effects of it.

I most heartily recommend to all sufferers Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, as one that cannot be excelled.
(Rev.) J. CAL LITTRELL.
Warrensburg, Mo.

Cured Entirely.

I had catarrh very bad for several years, and tried a great many remedies to no purpose until I tried yours. I used it in the Winter and Spring of 1898, and am glad to inform you that it cured me entirely.
Alydel, Ind. L. D. STONE.

SAMPLES MAILED FREE If you do not care to invest any money for medicine without further information regarding this treatment, write us and we will send a three days' trial sample by mail, absolutely free.

Send money by Postal Order, Express Money Order, New York Draft, or in Registered Letter. We will guarantee the safety of money sent us as above directed, and we also insure the safe arrival of the medicine. If you send a personal check, add ten cents for the exchange. If paper money is not at hand, coin can be sent by wrapping the pieces in paper in such a way that it will not fall about loosely in the envelope. Write your name, post office, county and state PLAINLY.

DR. J. W. BLOSSER & SON, - - 24 BROAD STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

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struggling artist, endeavoring to realize from experience the novel sensations of working up from the ranks, with all the attendant ills and pleasures. I am, however, very comfortably situated, and can support in affluence the wife I won as a poor artist."

With hearts burning with rage and their hopes reduced to the lowest depths the Van Dyke Browns had left the room. There was no pleasure for them in the joy that had come to the others. They saw naught but the downfall of all their lofty expectations and were ready to weep with vexation of spirit at the shattered prospects that had loomed up so brightly.

It took but a few moments for James Desmond and Henry Wallace to make arrangements to leave the Van Dyke Brown household for the magnificent mansion which the artist had prepared to receive his bride.

The Van Dyke Browns were placed in possession of an annuity, and were treated with a great deal of kindness by James Desmond at the solicitation of Cora, whose tender heart had never cherished any ill-will against her relatives, and they passed their lives in continual fault-finding with one another over the failure of their little plan to secure the Desmond money.

As for Cora and Henry Wallace, theirs was a life of such happiness and contentment that the years laid but a gentle hand upon them and there rapidly grew up under the Wallace roof tree a merry family of little ones, of whom the fairest and dearest to James Desmond's heart was a little Cora who bade fair to be in her generation a faithful reproduction of her mother and grandmother.

When bowed with the weight of years James Desmond passed away, his bier was surrounded with a grief-stricken family who had grown to love the old gentleman for his kindly heart.

(The end.)

Food of the Future.

Only a housekeeper has any idea of the tremendous mass of material that is not consumed, but is wasted daily in preparing the meals. It is a fact that a man eats seven times his weight in food in a single year. If he were to live on compressed food, he would find that he consumed only one and one-half times his weight, so great is the difference between the food of the past and the food of the future.

Tea is compressed so well that even the aroma is preserved in the little ball that stands for a cupful. You can drink a glass of mineral water by swallowing a little pill, and, queerly enough, it will quench your thirst better than the original. It is now said that a man can swallow a cake of mineral water the size of a visiting card, and require no more liquid for the whole day.

The compression of meat has been accomplished to perfection, so that you can have a slice of roast beef in the shape of a pill or a thin wafer of extract. This compressed, prepared food will be of great value to the workingman, who wil merely slip a lozenge or two into his pocket, instead of carrying a tin pail full of all kinds of things that are a mess when it is time to eat them. It must be cheaper than the food of the present, for it will be prepared in large quantities and there will be no waste. All parts of the ox, for instance, are equally nourishing, and the neck will be as valuable for this food as the tenderloin.

It is impossible to think of all the problems that this food may aid in solving. But of one thing we may be certain, that it will be of infinite value to the explorer and the traveler. Polar expeditions will be greatly simplified, for a man can easily pull on a sled all the food he will want for a year in the compressed form.

Must the Horse Go?

In St. Nicholas for March, Charles Barnard considers the possible effect of horseless traction upon the usefulness of the horse. He says:

For three thousand years, perhaps for a much longer time, men have used horses in peace and in war. In all this time no one appears to have imagined that the time would ever come when we might not need so many horses.

If we examine an old map of this country, we may trace a black line beginning at Cumberland, in Maryland, and extending across the mountains to the Monongahela river above Pittsburg. This line indicated the great national road built by the United States as a highway from the east to the then far west in the Ohio valley. Over this great road thousands of horses traveled in endless processions, dragging great covered wagons; swift stage coaches ran, day and night, carrying passengers and mails.

This road with its enormous traffic was regarded as one of the wonders of the New World. Washington considered it a most important public work, and believed that all the country needed in the future were more horses and more national roads. Today this long and costly road is almost forgotten. The great wagon trains and swift stages long ago disappeared.

When, about sixty years ago, the railroads came, many people thought that horses would no longer be needed. This was soon seen to be a mistake. It was found that it took more horses to carry the freight and passengers to the railroad stations than were used before the railroads were built. When about twelve years ago, the trolley cars appeared, then many people said, "This time the horses will certainly retire, for there will be nothing for them to do." Has it been true And now, within two years, people have said the horses will surely disappear, for here are carriages without horses. Do you believe that will be true?

Foot Sprain Remedy.

Slide the fingers under the foot, and having greased both thumbs, press them successively with increasing force over the painful parts, for about a quarter of an hour. The application should be repeated several times, or until the patient is able to walk. This is a simple remedy for a very frequent accident, and can be performed by an inexperienced person if medical aid is not at hand.

THE WAGES OF SATAN.

Mystery of a Maiden's Birth---The Counterfeiter's Scheme---A Detective's Skillful Defense of a Girl's Estate.

By H. R. ROMANS.

Author of "Lured by Love," "Living a Lie," Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1900.)

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CHAPTER III.

Jack Shepard left Mrs. Lauvre's reception in the best of spirits; he hummed a merry little tune as he walked down the street toward the nearest car line. Everything had been arranged for him and he but had to follow directions and in a few hours the girl he loved would be his wife. That she would be an unwilling bride did not disturb his happiness the least bit, so sure was he of taming her rebellious spirit once she was his wife.

When the car had taken him to the central part of the city he alighted and walked briskly to a house on Customhouse street. He entered the broad hallway and ran up the stairs like one well acquainted with the place. A dim light burned in the upper hallway and by its flickering rays one could read the sign, "Abel T. Skinner, Lawyer," on the door of the front room. Without hesitating to knock, Shepard pushed the door open and walked in.

Three men sat by a writing table on which were a bottle of whisky, three glasses and a deck of cards. The men were all smoking and the room was dense with the fumes of their cigars. The room was furnished much as a lawyer's office might be, with its roll-top desk and book-case full of legal volumes.

"Gentlemen, good evening," exclaimed Shepard.

The three responded to his salutation.

"Well, Abel, I see you are burning the midnight oil; must have an important case in hand," exclaimed the young man, seating himself on a corner of the table.

"Yes, rather important," replied the lawyer, with a significant grin at his companions.

What a repulsive creature he was, to be sure, with his weazened, parchment-like face and hawk's-bill nose. The other men were ordinary looking fellows, men who would pass in a crowd as respectable persons, but whom a physiogomist would at once designate as genteel criminals.

"We were getting a trifle tired of waiting, Jack," commented one of them, Jake Rawlston by name.

"Well, we will delay no longer. Is everything ready?"

"Yes, Bill is around the corner waiting with the carriage, and I presume he is doing some cussing by this time."

"Come on, then; let's get started. I'm more anxious than you fellws dare be. Good-by, Abel; I may not see you for some time, you know."

"Good-by, Jack, and good luck," exclaimed the old lawyer, following them to the door.

Soon Jack Shepard and his companions were in the carriage, while Bill Harvey, one of their confederates, was on the box acting as driver. Out toward the old convent they sped along the same route George Moore and Helen Lauvre had gone but a short while before.

Jake Rawlston and Carl Harris smoked in silence while Jack Shepard lolled back in the cushions and dreamed rosy visions of the future when pretty May Johnson would learn to love him. He did not doubt that she would rage when she was forced to accept marriage or dishonor; but when it was made clear to her that one or the other was sure to be her fate, he fondly imagined that she would accept the lesser of the two evils and eventually make him a loving wife. So engrossed was he with his dream of love that he did not once think of the fortune of which the Colonel hinted during their conversation, but he was aroused from his blissful reverie by the sound of rolling wheels.

"What is that?" he asked, starting up.

"Some truck cart going to the French market with vegetables," replied Jake Rawlston.

"No, it isn't," said Shepard, glancing out. "It is a carriage and a swell outfit, too."

"Well, what of it?" growled Jake.

"It makes me suspicious."

"Drat your suspicions; our game is all right."

"But suppose she had some friends who would try to rescue her," urged Shepard.

"Aw, you are as nervous as an old woman and as suspicious as a school boy lover. Result of being in love, I suppose, eh, Carl?" and the two worthies laughed at Jack until he stopped surmising.

In a few minutes they arrived at the convent and there they found the institution in a turmoil of excitement. When George Moore slammed the carriage door and the horses lashed away, leaving the two sisters standing by the gate they immediately raised an alarm. It looked like a clear case of abduction, and many of the inmates gathered in the yard to discuss the audacious act. When the second carriage arrived and the occupants made their business known the consternation was intensified.

Jack Shepard was told that May Johnson had just left the convent, and the circumstances attending her going were related. He was furious, and in his wild rage cursed every one with whom he came in contact.

"Catch that carriage we just passed," he called to Bill Harvey, as he returned to the carriage. "She was in that swell turnout we passed. Overtake them, even if you kill the horses."

The driver applied the whip and they went away at a gallop. The impatient man inside feared they were not making as good time as they could, so he opened the top of the carriage and crawled out by the side of the driver. At last they sighted their quarry far down the road, and Shepard cried out in glee.

"Go it, Bill! Make 'em climb!" he shouted.

The driver lashed the horses and quickened their tiring movements perceptibly; but the strain was too great, and just as they were in a hundred yards of the other carriage the tired beasts swayed and almost fell from sheer exhaustion. In his rage at being thus baffled Shepard cried out for them to halt and discharged his revolver at the black coachman.

Then came an answering volley of revolver shots and a bullet ended the career of one of Shepard's horses. The discomfitted gang were compelled to watch the other carriage disappear in the distance. Then they removed the harness from the dead horse, and made their way into the city at a slow pace, with the remaining horse dragging the carriage.

Shepard went directly to Colonel Johnson's and letting himself in with a latch key, immediately aroused the Colonel and his wife.

"What's the matter?" asked the Colonel, sticking his head out the door.

"She's gone!" cried Shepard.

"Gone?" gasped the Colonel, opening the door wider.

"Gone?" echoed his wife, sitting up in bed, her face twitching with anger.

"Yes, gone," answered Shepard, sinking hopelessly into a chair; and then he told them how May had been rescued before he reached the convent and how she had escaped on the way back.

"The little minx!" ejaculated Mrs. Johnson. "After all the trouble I've been to in raising her, she shall not get away from me in this style. Why don't you get out and find her, you fool!" she cried at the doleful young man who sat moping in the corner.

"Yes, Jack," urged the Colonel, "we must catch her. Why, man, there is millions at stake. Hurry out and collect the members of our band. Post men at every depot and guard every exit from the city. I will drive out to Dick's and get all the boys out there. We'll patrol the city and send men out on every train leaving here."

Shepard rushed from the house to do his chief's bidding, while the Colonel dressed quickly, and then ran to the stable for a horse and buggy to drive to the plantation.

"I wonder who has done this?" thought Mrs. Johnson, when she was left alone. "It couldn't have been him; no, we have covered our tracks too well to fear that poor old dupe. The Colonel said he and Jack had made final arrangements at the ball. Someone must have overheard them, and that someone was surely Helen Lauvre. I'll just watch and see if she is out."

Quickly she dressed, and throwing a black mantel around her she left the house and hid in the shrubbery of the Lauvre yard. Her vigil was rewarded; half an hour after she had taken up her station to watch, the Lauvre carriage drew up at the side entrance and Helen slipped through the servants' door.

"It is just as I thought," muttered Mrs. Johnson; "now I'll dog her footsteps until I learn where she has hidden May."

In the gray dawn before many people were astir Jack Shepard had aroused every member of the Colonel's secret band and detailed them to guard at certain places. The men were all crooks whose specialty was in the counterfeiting business and most of them had been allied with the band of which Colonel Johnson was the chief for some years.

In a vague way they all had come to know that there was a great scheme being worked by the Colonel and his wife that concerned their supposed daughter; if properly engineered it would bring the Colonel untold wealth, the band learned, and while none of them were interested directly, they readily lent their assistance when called upon to aid Jack Shepard in forcing May to marry him, which was part of the scheme. Now that she had escaped each man was anxious to help recapture her, hoping thereby to come in for a handsome prize when the Colonel had performed his coup.

While Shepard was engaged in arranging to capture May if she appeared at any of the depots or attempted to leave by steamboat, Colonel Johnson had driven at breakneck speed to his plantation. It was shortly after six o'clock when he drew rein at the picturesque old mansion, situated at the edge of a great swamp; to the north, the east and west as far as the eye could see, stretched a plantation of great fertility, dotted here and there with cotton houses, sugar mills and the cabins of the negro laborers.

An aged negro shambled out as the Colonel stopped at the gate.

"Mawnin', Kernel, mawnin', sah," ejaculated the old man, taking the horse by the bit as the Colonel stepped from the buggy.

"Is Dick about, Sam?" he asked.

"Guess Mars Dick he bin in bed yit, sah. You all jes' step right in de house, sah. Put yo' hos in de stable, sah?"

"No, hold him. I'll be right out," and the Colonel dashed into the house in quest of the man who posed before the world as the manager of his vast plantation.

"'Pears like de Kernel he bin mighty busy, 'deed hit do," commented the old negro, peering after his master's retreating form.

Dick Berry was just making his toilet when the Colonel burst into the room.

"Well, Colonel, what went wrong last night? Waited here all night long and never a sign of Shepard and the girl."

"Oh, we blundered somewhere and some person went to the convent ahead of Shepard and rescued her. The devil is to pay and we must get all of the men out looking for her. This scheme is more valuable than all the counterfeiting we could do in a lifetime. She must be recaptured. Where are all the boys?"

"About somewhere; perhaps down in the work rooms, though they may be having fun with that detective they caught last evening."

"Detective? My God, Dick! Do you mean it?" cried the Colonel, shivering with fear.

"Yes, there was one after us, sure enough. I imagine he trailed you from Chicago; at least he followed me from your house night before last. I lured him into the swamp and left him for the alligators, but they didn't get him."

"You shouldn't have taken a chance; you should have shot him and made sure work of it."

"Suppose I should," admitted Dick; "but I was afraid some of these blasted negroes would get an inkling and you know that would be bad."

"I'm not as much afraid of negroes as I am detectives, and my rule always was, 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

"Well, it's all right. He floundered around in the swamp and rounded up at the cypress entrance, and a couple of the boys gobbled him right in. Come down and see him."

Together the men passed through a trap door in Dick's private room and descended into a cellar which narrowed into a long tunnel. They followed this for several hundred feet where it widened into several large rooms, which were walled up with brick and cement, and arched overhead.

Here were to be found all the implements of the counterfeiting business. Delicate lathes for engraving, presses for printing notes, machinery to make paper, moulds, dies and stamps. It looked like a miniature edition of the great government establishment on Esplande avenue.

"They're not here," grumbled the Colonel.

"Maybe they are out at the other end," suggested Dick.

The men passed through a door that led to another tunnel, and this they followed a long distance under the great swamp. Fearing sometime they might need this outlet to their secret workshop, the wily lawbreakers had provided this tunnel which ended under the cypress in the middle of the dismal swamp. The negroes who had made this secret workshop and tunnel never lived to see light of day when it was completed, the Colonel deciding that it was best not to risk them telling of it.

As they neared the end of the tunnel they encountered a half dozen of the skilled workmen, who were trying to get some information from Frank Morrison as he lay bound hand and foot upon the floor.

"Here's your detective, Colonel!" cried one of the men.

The Colonel advanced and took a good look at the young man.

"Yes, he's the fellow who followed me from Chicago. I saw him at the train coming here. I'm glad you have captured him, but you must be on the alert for others who may start out to track him. Kill this fellow and throw him out to the alligators. Then I want you all to come to town and help us find May. She escaped last night before Shepard could get to the convent. Hurry up, now. Everything depends on speed." He and Dick turned and left them, while two men picked up the detective and carried him to the top of the entrance.

"Will we kill him, or leave that to the alligators?" asked one.

"They will be more likely to devour him if he is still alive. Serve him right to be torn to pieces before he's dead. Ah, there is a beauty! See his back right out there. We'll toss Mr. Detective right on to him, and I reckon he'll make that fellow's breakfast in a second."

"All right! Catch hold! One—two—three" and Frank Morrison went hurtling through the air, landing directly upon the head of the monster that was apparently dozing in the morning sun. As he struck they both disappeared beneath the water, and, laughing gleefully, the men closed the trap door and joined their companions below, relating with many chuckles how they had disposed of the troublesome detective.

CHAPTER IV.

A cry of joy went up from George Moore's lips when he saw one of Jack Shepard's horses fall and the carriage behind him come to a stop. There was no way Shepard could reach the city ahead of them, now that his team was crippled, and at the rate Old John was driving they would be in the city and ready to take a route to some hiding place. There were no trains leaving until late in the morning and he knew by that time the exits from the city would be well guarded. They must be out of the city before Shepard could alarm his friends.

While he was studying the situation, wondering what was the best plan to pursue, like an inspiration came the thought of West End and Lake Pontchartrain. West End was a small resort east of the city where the pleasure seeking inhabitants of New Orleans congregated on hot days and evenings to enjoy the delightful breeze and drink cooling mixtures in the large pavilion. Lake Pontchartrain washed its shores and upon this shallow body of water numerous small sail craft plied for the pleasure or profit of the owner.

As they approached Canal stret George leaned out the window and called to the coachman to drive to West End.

"What are we going there for?" inquired Helen.

"'Twould be useless to try to leave the city from any of the stations," replied George. "I hope to find some fisherman at the resort who will take us across the lake. Then we can catch one of the early trains and thus elude Colonel Johnson's spies." He did not realize the size and power of the band he was scheming to outwit; had he known that Colonel Johnson could start fifty picked men on his trail in a few minutes' notice he would have tried some other plan.

May and Helen approved his idea immediately, and the terror they had experienced when Jack Shepard was shooting at their carriage, having left them, they began to talk and plan for the future. They thought it would be but a dash across the country and then May would be left in the care of some of George's northern friends until the strange mystery hinted at by Colonel Johnson was revealed. Little did they know the exciting incidents that would happen to them as a result of that night's experiences. Perhaps it is well that Providence does not allow mortals to peer into the future and behold the trials that are to beset them.

It was just beginning to grow light when they arrived at the little harbor where the sail boats tided up over night. As George alighted he had the good luck to espy two fishermen preparing their craft to go to their nets.

"Hey!" he cried, as he approached them.

"Hey, yourself!" answered one of the men.

"Will you take myself and another to Pearl Harbor Station?"

"Rather a long trip, mister; take several hours. Better go to town and take a train."

"Bother the train; we want an early morning sail."

"We oughtn't to take him," muttered the other man in an undertone to his mate.

"Why?"

"He's a robber or something as bad."

"All the better; he'll pay more for the trip."

"Well, make it steep," suggested the objector, easing his conscience by the vision of a large sum.

"Come, will you take us?" asked George.

"If you will pay well," was the reply. "Course we know you're up to something crooked, but if you pay us——"

"Well, how much?" interrupted the impatient man.

"I guess twenty would be about right."

"Very well, get ready."

Helen and May were interested auditors of the conversation, and when he returned to them they knew it was time to say farewell.

"Just put your trust in Mr. Moore, May," said Helen, "and I am sure all will end well."

"I do not have to be urged to do that," replied May. "I am satisfied with the protector you have provided me. But I pray that this trouble may soon end and that we may be together again soon."

"You must write and tell me where you are," said Helen. "You know I will be so anxious until I know you are safe."

With many kisses and tears they separated. Helen returned home in the carriage, while George and May took their places in the little yacht.

The fishermen hoisted the sail and the outward breeze carried them swiftly toward the east. George arranged a piece of sail cloth so the wind would not strike them, and then he seated himself beside May. Instinctively she moved closer to him as if for protection. She sighed wearily, and noticing that she was tired out from the excitement, he placed his arm about her. Like a weary child she nestled closer and laid her head upon his broad shoulder.

Sleep came to their tired faculties, and as they sailed on they rested contentedly. The sun soon appeared in the east, bathing the lake in a halo of glorious light. The low mist that had hung like a mantel over the water was dissipated instantly, while the air grew perceptibly warmer.

The uncouth fishermen gazed at the tired young couple and speculated on what they had done. The first supposition that they were thieves was discarded and they were sure now that they were aiding an elopement, and their interest in the affair was increased.

It was well on to noon when George was aroused by the voice of the captain.

"Here you are, mister!" cried the boatman.

George started up, rubbing his eyes. Sure enough; there was the end of the lake,

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where it gave place to the great marsh, and there was the great séven-mile trestle that spanned the swamp. As he listened he could hear the rumble of a train coming across the trestle, and by the distance the sun was from the eastern horizon it was about time for the train he had expected to meet at this point.

He gently aroused May, and while he was paying the boatmen she dipped her hands in the lake and washed away the traces of the tears that had stained her face; then she turned to him with a smile, and for the first time he had an opportunity to take a good look at the girl for whom he had risked so much.

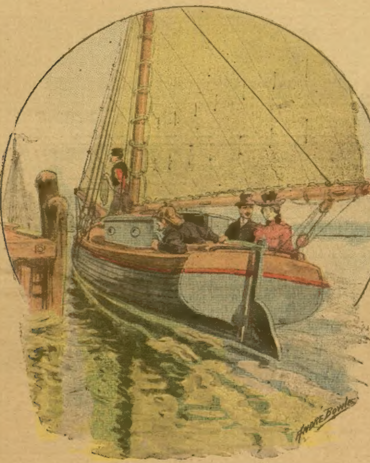
She was the most beautiful girl he had ever beheld. Her hair and eyes were black as midnight, while her skin was clear and rosy with the warm blood that flowed through her veins. Her figure was petite and graceful.

"Will I do?" she asked, coquettishly, noticing his ardent gaze.

"Pardon my rudeness," he stammered. "You were so pretty I could not help it."

"Flatterer——" she began, but just then the boat bumped against the rude landing, and as the loud rumble of the train showed how close it was, they leaped from the little craft and sped for the station. They were not a moment too soon, and George congratulated himself upon the shrewdness of his move when they were finally settled in a Pullman car and rapidly leaving the Crescent City far behind.

He fancied that they were safe for awhile, at least, little dreaming that there were men on that very train who were sent to search for May. His only fear was that Colonel Johnson would telegraph ahead and have the train searched at all important stops. In order to outwit such aplan, he decided to change cars at Meridian, and when that place was reached they left the train, hoping to make good conections with a train for the east.



The boat bumped against the rude landing.

While standing on the platform waiting for their train to appear May suddenly gave a start and stepped quickly behind George.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Those two men standing there by the window. I have seen one of them with my father quite often. Do you suppose they have been sent out to find me?"

"Perhaps they have. Step behind this pile of trunks and I will endeavor to overhear their conversation."

It was Jake Rawlston and Carl Harris. They had come from New Orleans on the same train as had George and May, but having watched closely at New Orleans they felt sure that the fugitive was not aboard.

"You continue on north, Carl," said Jake, as George paused near them. "I will remain here and watch awhile. There is no sign of her yet, but there is no telling where she may appear. Watch the junctions closely."

The bells were clanging out an alarm and the passengers were flocking to the trains. It was close to evening and as Rawlston had signified his intention of remaining there George thought it best for them to slip aboard the train and get away ere he caught sight of May. They were seated in the car serenly content in the thought that they had eluded Rawlston, when the door opened and he came down the aisle toward them. For some reason he had changed his mind and decided to go east on that train.

May hastily covered her face with a newspaper and pretended to be asleep. Jake scrutinized each passenger closely as he moved along, and when he came to May he hesitated a moment, and then passed on. His suspicions were aroused as to her identity, however, and in a few moments he came back past them and halted by George's side.

"Wife sick, stranger?" he inquired.

"No, only a little weary," George replied.

"No offense meant," Jake hastened to say, noting George's gruff tone. "I am a physician; that is why I asked."

"It's all right," said George; "obliged for your courtesy," and he turned away as if to end the conversation.

"Going far?" persisted the self-styled physician.

"Savannah."

"Where are you from?"

"Texas."

"You are a liar!" Jake stooped down and hissed the sentence in George's ear. The young man turned quickly upon the other.

"What's it your business where I am going or where I have been?" he demanded.

"Nothing at all; only I saw you on Canal street in New Orleans, last night, that's all;" and he complacently sat down in the seat across the aisle from the terrified couple.

George imagined that Rawlston was trying to pick a quarrel with him, in which event it would be an easy matter to have the train authorities take a hand, and in that way he could get May from him.

At the next stop Rawlston gave a telegram to the brakeman to send. George decided that he had telegraphed ahead to have officers at the next stop to take May in custody. In reality he had telegraphed Colonel Johnson to meet him at Macon, at which place he expected to get possession of May.

"If we do not leave this train at once we will be in the hands of officers at the next stop," he whispered to May.

"Anything rather than that," she sighed.

"It will be risky," he suggested.

"I will rely on you," she answered, sweetly.

From a previous consultation of the time card he knew that they would soon cross a railroad running north and south. There was no station at the junction and the trains only slackened at the two-hundred-rod post while the target was swung. They must leave the train at this place.

For some time Jake had been nodding in his seat. He had had no sleep the night previous and the warm car was making him drowsy. George watched him narrowly, hoping he would drop asleep ere the crossing was reached. If he did not it would be a sure case of having to fight his way to the door and protect May at the same time.

Luck seemed to be with him this time. Jake's nods became more prolonged and just as the engine blew a long blast for the target Jake's head dropped upon his chest and he was lost in the oblivion of sleep.

"Come," whispered George, and taking May's hand they slipped out into the aisle and tiptoed to the door. Most of the other passengers had retired and those who had not paid little attention to the young couple. They were soon upon the platform and George unfastened the vestibuite doors and stood upon the lower step awaiting the critical moment. May clung to him in fear and trembling. Yet with a confidence that caused his heart to beat with a new-found joy.

The train rocked and swayed and the wind howled into the open vestibule, but they were nearing the crossing and at last the hiss of the air-brakes broke upon their ears. The speed diminished rapidly, and finally came the sound of the hoarse whistle, bellowing for permission to cross the other track.

Far in the gloom George could see the red light, and then ere the train had come to a halt he was dismayed to see the red light change to white. The tower man had swung the target and the train would not stop. He could hear the engine puffing and he knew the speed would rapidly increase.

"We will have to jump," he called to May.

"Very well," she answered, resignedly.

"We may get hurt," he suggested, to prepare her for such an event if it occurred.

"Better that than to be caught," was her reply.

"Put both arms around my neck, and hold on tightly," he said, and as she did so he caught her closely about the waist and swung her out clear of the car step. He hung on to the guard rail with his free hand and swung one foot clear of the step.

"Here we go," and then he jumped.

Down, down, they went, and like a flash he realized their awful predicament. He had jumped from the swiftly moving train while they were crossing a bridge or trestle, and maybe death awaited them among the jagged rocks or in the water below.

Further chapters of this extraordinary story will appear next week. Readers are respectfully referred to the Ledger's handsome free premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

Tested by Trifles.

Flies are great tests of character, son. A man may be cool as an iceberg under extraordinary circumstances of danger or times of intense excitement; he may be calm when, at another man's order, he is facing a six-gun battery and getting ready to try if he can push a bayonet through a cannoneer before the gunner shoves eight pounds of assorted ironmongery through him; he may assume command and act nobly and quietly when the ship is sinking; he may preserve an even mind when the hotel is on fire; he may even speak grammatically when the ghost enters his room at midnight. But let that man upset a very small inkstand, with only a very little ink in it, on his desk. He upsets his chair on the office cat as he leaps to his feet with a howl like a wild Indian or a baseball coach; he makes a desperate grab at the inkstand and swoops it half way across the desk before he sweeps it off into an open drawer full of unanswered letters; then he claws after his papers and drags them through a little puddle of ink that wasn't doing a bit of harm before he mopped it zigzag and crooked all over everything with his white handkerchief; and, finally after he has smeared the top of the desk, his hands, and his gray pantaloons with ink, he discovers that at the first dash he had knocked a much larger bottle of red ink clear off the desk onto the floor, where it has lain, draining its crimson life away in the very heart of the lightest figure on a blue and white carpet. Then he says things at the flies of life, and wonders why a man always makes an idiot of himself when he upsets a little bottle of ink. And he may keep on wondering. Because he will never know why. Nobody knows. He just does it; that's all.—Robert J. Burdette in the Los Angeles Times.

◆

The Newest Bible.

He was an open-air evangelical exhorter and was spell-binding his hearers by his learned disquisition on the alternative of "salvation or damnation—the King James Bible of the Douay Bible." In the audience was a citizen who had been imbibing freely and whose patriotic sense overpowered his religious feelings. This gentleman apparently misunderstood the preacher, for he yelled: "Hooray for the Dewey Bible!" The crowd took up the cry and the exhorter was compelled to suspend his meeting.—Collier's Weekly.

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No Slave of Custom.

"You will not refuse my last request," pleaded the condemned criminal.

"No," replied the jailer. "What is it?"

"I want to be photographed in the act of eating my last meal, so that when it is written of me, 'On the morning of his execution day he ate a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, coffee and fried potatoes,' the proof will be at hand to show that I am not the base slave of custom!"

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By T. C. HARBAUGH.

Author of "A Sinner at Bay," "Man in Gray," etc.

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Begun in No. 12, March 24. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

BACK AT MASCOT HALL.

There was trouble at Mascot Hall.

The telegram from Mrs. Nolan telling Valerie that Hugo was "carrying on terrible" was not over drawn. That distorted shape, inhabited by a soul of darkness and governed by almost uncontrollable passion, had taken things in his own hands in a manner and had terrorized the Hall, including the old care-taker.

Hugo was among the first to discover Valerie's flight, and perhaps he guessed the impelling motive.

At any rate day had hardly dawned at Mascot Hall—the morning after Valerie's disappearance—when he faced Mrs. Nolan in the lower hallway and forced his body in her way.

"The pretty bird has flown," he said, showing his teeth. "She went in the night, didn't she, and you, no doubt, dressed her for the occasion. She took the train for London."

Nolan, who had found the note left under her door by Lady Valerie, tried to look innocent, but she soon discovered that that was not the way to meet Hugo.

"How did you find it out?" she asked.

"Never mind. It's a cold day when they get ahead of Hugo. Don't you think she went to hunt up that graceless friend of hers, Max Masterson?"

"I never asked her."

Nolan tried to brush past the hunchback, but he would not have it that way.

"They'll get married now, no doubt," continued Hugo. "Just think of it—the Lady Valerie who carries her head so high marrying a man who is under suspicion."

"Of what?"

"Of murder."

"Who suspects him?"

"The ferret now on the trial, and it will be a bad day for Valerie when she finds him."

Nolan turned up her nose in disgust and dashed past the interloper, leaving him to himself.

She got to the station as soon as possible and sent the telegram which we have seen Mrs. James of Courtenay street hand to Donald Black and Masterson.

When she returned to the Hall Hugo was not to be seen, and she went about her duties hoping that the message would be delivered at once, and that the afternoon train would bring Valerie back to Mascot.

The day wore away without this desired result and night again settled round the old mansion.

Mrs. Nolan had not seen Hugo since the meeting in the morning and she thought he had retired to his part of the house where he was nursing his ill temper.

"I don't believe Max Masterson had a hand in the deed at all," said the old caretaker to herself. "It isn't like him at all, and I don't believe that Valerie, dear child, will for a moment believe him guilty. As for Hugo——"

She was interrupted in her thoughts by the arrival of a servant who pulled her to one side, though there were no other persons in the room but themselves.

"Lady Judith," said the servant.

Mrs. Nolan colored.

"Where?" she asked.

"On the porch."

Mrs. Nolan went to the front part of the house and looked out.

At first she saw no one, and then she made out the figure of a woman against the sky.

Why should Judith Trevors come to Mascot Hall at this time? Her visit boded no good, so the old care-taker thought, and while she watched her from the great room she saw that she was dressed in a riding habit the color of which she could not make out.

"Why don't she ring?" she thought.

Presently there came hopping down the porch like a great toad Hugo, the hunchback.

The dwarf joined Lady Judith where she stood and the pair came close together.

Mrs. Nolan, not an eavesdropper by profession, could not help putting her ear close to the sash and holding her breath for something told her that she should hear what was being said outside.

"Well, I'm here," said Judith, looking down at the hunchback. "You told me that she isn't here."

"She went up to London."

"Ah!"

"Went last night."

"What took her?"

"That's her secret."

Lady Judith tossed her head arrogantly.

"Then we can talk. Shall we go down into the garden?"

"No. Walk right inside."

Judith seemed to hesitate, but Hugo opened the door which led from the porch direct to the library and the figures vanished.

A dim light was instantly struck in the library and Hugo motioned Lady Judith to a chair.

"Yes," said the hunchback, "I sent for you, and I thought you could come here as easily as I could go to your retreat, for I don't like your dogs."

A haughty smile played with Judith's lips, and her gaze wandered round the room, but soon came back to Hugo.

"Well, what is it?" she asked; "I can't remain here long, you know. I came at your request."

Hugo, who had been watching the woman for some time, leaned forward in his chair. He was the embodiment of impudence and coolness, and seemed to enjoy his stare for several seconds before he spoke again.

"I would like to get a loan," he said at last. "Just now I am 'financially embarrassed,' as they say in certain circles, and a few pounds would tide me over in good shape."

Judith looked amazed, but the muscles of Hugo's face never quivered.

"I would like to have, say, a thousand pounds," continued Hugo, as if he were talking a matter of fact affair. "You can spare that, I'm sure."

"To you?" exclaimed Judith.

"Certainly, to Hugo, Prince of Tartarus," was the reply.

"Where's your bond?" asked the woman.

"I'm my own bond, and, under the circumstances, I think that's bond enough."

"I'm sorry, but I haven't the money for you."

The villain's head seemed to draw into his neck like a turtle's and from the depths of the forehead the eyes glittered like twin stars.

One of his hands moved across the table and then the other till they rested one upon its mate.

"You haven't, eh? In other words, you don't want to let me have it."

"I would have to take a bond if I did——"

"You would, eh? Wait, my dear."

His manner was insolence itself.

He dropped from his chair and hopped over to the steel safe in the corner.

Judith, watching him all the time, saw him manipulate the lock till he swung the doors wide and thrust one of his hands into the safe itself.

When he came back something was lying in his hand and he laid it on the table before Judith.

The woman's face grew a shade paler for she was looking at the black dagger which had taken Lord Mascot's life.

There were spots like rust on the dark blade of the terrible weapon, and the gems in the hilt glinted with their own peculiar luster.

"You know what it is?" said Hugo, suddenly.

"Yes, the dagger—the Indian blade."

"Certainly. That's my bond."

Judith smiled and rose to her feet, standing as erect as a statue.

"Keep it. I don't want it, sir. I have no money to spare tonight."

"By heavens, you shall let me have the thousand pounds or I will make that black dagger speak!" cried the hunchback.

"Do it if you can, scoundrel! I have nothing to fear!" And Lady Judith drew her riding habit closer round her elegant form.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOUND.

Perhaps Mrs. Nolan did not hear all this, but she heard Lady Judith depart.

Not only this but she saw the woman on the porch with the figure of Hugo slightly in the background, and in another moment Judith of Trevors Grange was gone.

All this was strange and unaccountable to the old care-taker, and she thought she would not forget anything of what she had seen or heard that night.

Hugo went back into the library where she heard him shut the safe and then break out in maledictions against his late visitor. He stormed like a man in a passion, he walked the floor cursing for nearly an hour, and then sprang from the library and vanished in the darknes among the shrubbery.

Mrs. Nolan wondered why Valerie had not come; she did not know what had transpired in London, and the absence of any telegram from the young girl mystified her the more.

If she could have gone up to London and happened in a certain part of the city of sin and night she might have had some of her anxieties removed.

Sir Reginald Henlow had eluded Donald Black and Masterson.

Since quitting Mrs. Craigie's the hunt for the titled rascal had been exciting.

Sir Reginald was not to be found at any of his regular haunts and the city proper had been scoured for him.

Thus the day had worn away and the two trailers were still keeping up the human chase.

About the hour of Judith's visit to Mascot Hall the man wanted so badly by the detective and Masterson was seated in a little room in Marleybone.

The furniture did not betoken any wealth and was in striking contrast to his own well furnished lodgings.

He was quite alone, but presently a rap on the door startled him.

Sir Reginald looked at a revolver lying in the half open drawer before him and opened the door.

Thimbles slipped in.

The house-breaker slid across the room and plumped himself down in a chair on the opposite side of the table from Henlow.

"How goes it?" grinned Thimbles.

"Fairly well. What's up?"

"Nothin' much, only I'd like to have a little cash."

Sir Reginald's face darkened at once.

"I gave you some not long since," he growled.

"Of course. Do you think I can live on a little doled out now and then? I have to eat, and as for drinkin' my throat is like others—occasionally dry."

"But I'm short myself just now."

"Sell some of the stones," snapped the thief.

"You don't mean——"

"Some of the ones we prigged from the old mansion down in Kent," laughed the felon.

"Not so loud," suddenly cried Sir Reginald, as he leaned across the table with an anxious, half-scared look in his eyes.

"Aren't you alone?" inquired Thimbles.

"Yes, but walls have ears."

"Yes, but they don't talk. Come, I want a hundred."

"You must wait till tomorrow."

"That may be the beginning of eternity and tomorrow won't fill an empty stomach tonight."

Sir Reginald frowned.

"Say, I'll come down to fifty. You've got gems enough to buy a new palace and if it hadn't been for me and Larry where would you be now?"

The titled scamp leaned back and took some banknotes from his pocket; he counted a few and pushed them across the table to Thimbles.

"Only fifty pounds," said the other disappointedly.

"That's all I can spare now. You must put up with that till I can sell a few gems."

"Guess I'll have to."

The notes vanished again, this time underneath Thimbles' dirty clothes, and that worthy left the room after bowing obsequiously to Sir Reginald.

"I wish he would join Larry!" cried the man left in the little room.

"I'll keep pluckin' 'im till he's got no more feathers," commented Thimbles, as he vanished in the nearest alley.

Scarcely had Thimbles disappeared when footsteps came to the same door.

They stopped there and Sir Reginald Henlow crossed the room to investigate.

He had locked the door after Thimbles' departure and had just reseated himself, and now he feared he was going to have more callers.

As he reached the portals he heard a rap on the panel.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"A gentleman who wants to see you—Berwick, you know."

Sir Reginald started.

"How the devil did he find me here?" he cried under his breath. "Even Mrs. Craigie did not know where I was going and out there's Berwick and want in."

Then he looked at the door again.

"Who do you think lives here?" he asked, trying to disguise his voice.

"Open the door!"

With the mien of a hunted man, Sir Reginald started toward the table, but he got but half way when some one on the outside threw his whole weight against the portal and it fell in with a crash.

Almost at the same time two men leaped into the room and caught Sir Reginald at bay.

His hand was at the open drawer when Masterson with the spring of a mountain lion was upon him, and he went to the nearest wall with the hands of the young game-keeper at his throat.

"What means this?" the attacked man managed to gasp.

"You know without the trouble of asking," replied Masterson. "Here, I've got the game, Mr. Black, and you've got the darbies."

Before Sir Reginald could make another move his wrists wore bracelets of steel which had closed with a snap, and Masterson carried him forward by main force and placed him in a chair.

"It's a pretty game," said the young man. "Where's Valerie?"

Sir Reginald looked from Masterson to Donald Black, whose face until then he had taken for Berwick's.

"Yes, where's the girl? You haven't carried out your infamous intentions, I hope. Is the girl in the house?"

"This is an indignity to which I shall not submit," answered the occupant of the chair.

"You're submitting to it now," grinned the detective. "We want the young lady—Valerie of Mascot."

Just then a strange sound come from beyond a stair door on the other side of the room.

Young Masterson sprang across the apartment and tried the portal but it was locked.

"Here's the key, no doubt," said Black, taking a small bunch from one of Sir Reginald's pockets.

Masterson tried the first key that came handy and as the lock flew back the door opened and something beautifully human fell into his arms from the stairway.

It was Valerie!

"You are not his wife?" cried Max, as he held the girl off for a moment and gazed into her face.

"Not yet, thank heaven! And you have found me, Max. I feared that you would come too late."

Sir Reginald from the depths of the chair where he was guarded by Donald Black glared at the couple as if he wished that looks could kill.

"I'll hail a cab," said Masterson. "We want to get away from here."

"Yes, I want to go back to Mascot. Sir Reginald will give up the gems, those at

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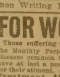

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FOR WOMEN ONLY!
Those suffering from Leucorrhœa, Irregularities of the Monthly Period, Change of Life or any of the diseases common to women, have at last a positive cure for their ailment. One Full Treatment Absolutely FREE to patients. Woman's Guide to Beauty and Health, a handsome book, beautifully illustrated, which should be in the hands of every woman in the land, sent free of charge, by addressing
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HARTMAN STEEL ROD LAWN FENCE adds to the attractiveness and value of the home. Strong and durable; keeps out everything but the sunshine. Unequaled for School Lawns, Church Enclosures, Parks, Cemeteries, Private Lots, etc. Catalogue free.
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$5.85 The 17 JEWELED adjusted, patent regulator, stem wind and stem set, genuine NATIONAL SPECIAL movement. Ladies' or Gents' size. WARRANTED 20 YEARS. 14K. Gold plate hunting case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a king. No better watch made. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special Offer for next 60 days, send your full name and address and we will send this watch C.O.D. with privilege to examine. If found satisfactory pay agent $5.85 and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and charm sent free with every watch. Write at once as this may not appear again.
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To Weak, Nervous Sufferers

Who earnestly desire a release from loss of Manly Vigor, Weakening Drains, Nervous Debility, etc.

A FAIR OFFER!

READ AND BE RESTORED.

A full treatment for trial of Dr. Rudolphe's Specific Remedy for $1.00, or one-third the regular price.

HOPE

MIRABILE-DICTU-MIRABILE-VISU.

DEAR SIR:—The wonderful success of Dr. Rudolphe's Specific Remedy in curing all forms of Nervous and Sexual Diseases, Wasting Weakness, Impotency, Lost Manhood, etc., has made its fame world-wide, and well it might, for during the last few years thousands of weak, diseased and discouraged people have been restored by it to a state of robust manhood, health and happiness. Particularly during the past year have I received a host of flattering testimonials from grateful patients, speaking in the highest terms of the Remedy, and the wonderful cures it had performed in their cases; some of which had baffled the skill of all previous efforts in their behalf. This, of course, is all very gratifying to me, and encourages me to redouble my efforts to induce every sufferer to give the Remedy a trial. Further than this, I know that some of the people who have in the past received my pamphlets, while afflicted and suffering from the diseases Dr. Rudolphe's Specific Remedy is guaranteed to cure, have not availed themselves of its benefits, for various reasons. Some, probably, from the fact that they are careless about their disease, thinking, perhaps, that it will soon grow better of its own accord, and work out a cure itself. This is a fatal error, as the natural tendency of these diseases is to grow worse and worse, unless proper medical aid is sought. Others, very likely, would not give it a trial, from the fact that they had tried many advertised remedies and spent large sums for the same, all in vain. Still others may have thought the amount too large to pay out before they were assured of great benefit and final cure.

No matter which of the above causes might prevent you from giving the Remedy a trial, I know just what it has done in other cases, and just what it will do in yours; therefore, I propose to give everyone afflicted with diseases of the character above mentioned a chance to demonstrate the efficacy of the treatment at the least expense possible.

I feel certain that did you fully appreciate the remarkable curative powers of the medicine which I offer you, where absolute freedom from either painful or disagreeable sensations, rapidity and intensity of action, combined with direct contact with the diseased vesicles and debilitated nerves of the parts, you would not hesitate to give the Remedy a fair trial in your own case. If there are any points upon which you are not quite clear, if you are in doubt as to whether the treatment is suited to or is able to reach and successfully cope with the peculiarities of your case, or if there are ANY points upon which you wish information, I shall be happy to hear from you at any time, and will answer you in an honest, straightforward and confidential manner. So many who had tried in vain various medicines, and who had lost faith in both physicians and remedies, have since tried this Specific and found, to their joy and lasting benefit, that AT LAST they had discovered a perfectly honest and reliable medicine, which accomplished all and more than was claimed for it, that I feel certain you will never regret accepting the proposition I am about to make to you. Many severe, obstinate and chronic cases of the most aggravated types have been thoroughly and completely cured in the last six months, and, consequently, I not only feel still more firmly convinced of the great value of this remedy, making it truly a blessing to the unfortunate victim of youthful errors, mature excesses, or to sufferers from any and all sexual diseases, but I also feel sorry that anyone who has once learned of this thorough plan of treatment should fail to reap the benefits through either neglect or lack of clearness on my part. Lest, also, the price of the Remedy should seem too high to you and the amount too much to risk before being certain that you would receive some benefit from it, and in order to cure you and thus secure others through your recommendation, I make you the following proposition, *i.e.:*

I will send you a full treatment of the Specific Remedy at one-third the regular price, (with the postage and revenue added), provided you will pay the other two-thirds within one month after you are thoroughly and effectually cured. Is this not fair? Some would say that I am taking a great risk, but it is not so. I have such unbounded confidence in the Remedy, provided it is used with a reasonable amount of care and discretion, that I feel sure that you, cured, happy and grateful, will remit me the balance due on the medicine without a moment's hesitation. As the Remedy which I offer you actually costs for ingredients alone more than the amount which I ask you to send me, you see that I must place great confidence both in your honor and integrity and in the splendid curative powers of the medicine. The regular price of the Specific Remedy is $3.00 per treatment, the postage and revenue is twelve cents; therefore, should you accept my offer, you are to send me $1.12, and the medicine will be sent you postpaid the same day your order is received.

While I have all that I can well do to attend to my numerous patients, who are not only willing to pay me for my services and medicine, but consider it a privilege to secure them upon such reasonable terms, I feel sorry to have anyone afflicted with these terrible diseases eke out a miserable existence, when, perhaps, by a little effort, I can redeem them from their unhappy lot, and make them a pleasure to themselves and an ornament to society. I know just what Dr. Rudolphe's Specific Remedy will do for the afflicted, and am bound, gain or lose, to give everyone a chance to try it upon its merits, believing that when such patients find out that it is an honest remedy, that accomplishes all, and more, than is claimed for it, I shall reap the just reward of my faith and confidence in its healing qualities. Further than that, in this way, when I send the Remedy to applicants, I know that my efforts are not wasted and in vain; but that if the Remedy proves a success (which experience teaches me it is bound to do), I have not only made a friend for life, but have secured his services in recommending the treatment to any he may find likewise afflicted. This in itself is no small matter to me, and has been the means of finding me many patients. I feel certain that with this offer in view, if you are afflicted you will not hesitate longer, but will grasp the golden opportunity and receive a positive cure.

I sincerely trust every afflicted sufferer will avail himself of this chance to recover his lost health and manhood, and not let so excellent an opportunity (to be forever freed from your disease) pass by now, only to be bitterly regretted in the future. In either case, I feel that I have done my duty, and tried faithfully to point out a sure road to health for those who lead a life of misery and distress, and shown them plainly that they have nothing to lose, but all to gain.

I predict that this advertisement will be the means of snatching many a poor sufferer from the depths of degradation, despair, pain and sorrow, to bright, happy, healthful life. Such I know from long experience will be the case, if they will only heed my admonition.

Trusting that I may soon have the pleasure of hearing from you, and of being the means of restoring you again to health and strength, I remain, Yours very sincerely, PROF. FOWLER.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure FREE of charge, to all sufferers. A helpful little medical work, full of useful hints; should be read by every man who is weak, nervous and debilitated.

Patients will please bear in mind that all communications are regarded as strictly confidential. All letters are destroyed as soon as they are carefully read and the cases strictly examined, consequently it will be necessary to give in each letter your full name and address. Persons sending for the Remedy should write plainly the name to which it is to be addressed, the Post Office, County, and also the state. All letters for the medicine, advice or free treatise, should be addressed plainly,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Box 227, Moodus, Conn.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1900, by Prof. F. C. Fowler, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

least which he has not sold and will quit the country while we will go back and solve the murder mystery of the Hall."

"Do you think the solution lies there, Mr. Black?" asked Valerie.

"I do. I am confident now that it does not lie in London," was the quick reply.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BEAUTY SCORNED.

There was great rejoicing at Mascot Hall when, the night after the last events chronicled, Valerie arrived with Max Masterson.

The young girl was received by Mrs. Nolan with the warmest of embraces, while Masterson went down to the game-keeper's lodge, which he already knew had been deserted by old Jocylin who had disappeared between two days.

Donald Black did not return to the place with the young folks, saying to Valerie that he would remain behind a few hours; but to Masterson he added a little, to the effect that he wanted to follow up a thread which he held in his hands.

Hugo scowled at young Masterson with all the settled malignity of a fiend.

This imp of evil disappointed by his attempt to exact cash from Lady Judith growled audibly as he crept to his den.

"Just wait. It's all smiles with the pair now; but wait till Hugo sets his teeth and then someone will be hurt. That young scalawag has come back with the girl, thinking that his way to her heart and fortune will be all sunshine; but I'm the storm cloud, I'm the serpent in the dovecote, the asp in the basket of love figs."

He laughed to himself in the shadows of his chamber which overlooked a portion of the garden and almost to the Fernery, and shook his huge clenched hands at the window as if a face was to be seen there.

"Why not tonight?" he suddenly cried; "why not strike while the iron's hot? He won't be looking for it and—I know my business!"

He crept from the room and then down a back staircase to the open.

Lights in the Hall told that the season of rejoicing was not yet over, and Hugo stopped among the shrubbery to glance inside and see Valerie and Nolan seated side by side while the girl related her adventures in London.

Ten minutes later Hugo reached the vicinity of the game-keeper's lodge.

Evil was afoot.

The night favored whatever plans he had formed, for the sky had become clouded and a light wind had risen.

The little lodge, set back behind a lot of bushes, was scarcely visible from without, but the hunchback crept closer and found a light in one of the windows.

Creeping closer without noise he ventured to place his evil face near the pane and saw Max looking over the contents of an old chest which he had pulled from its corner.

A light burned on the table near at hand and the young man was oblivious to his surroundings, and for some time Hugo kept his eyes riveted upon the scene.

"I thought I would find him asleep," he muttered, as he looked. "He's looking over the things old Jocylin left behind. Well, he'll be lucky if he finds anything of value, for I've been through them myself."

Hugo might have continued his vigils if a footstep had not caught his quick ear and as he drew back he saw a figure pass him.

"Heavens! but I'm lucky again!" he exclaimed. "I wonder how that high born lady found he had come back?"

The dark form was already at Masterson's door and Hugo heard the raps.

Max stared up and opened the portal to fall back with an exclamation of surprise.

Lady Trevors stood before him.

"Come in," he said, holding open the door while his face told that he would sooner have seen some one else.

Gathering up her dark riding habit, the mistress of Trevors Grange entered the lodge and turned abruptly on the handsome youth who watched her.

"I did not know you were back till a little while ago," she said.

"Bad news travels fast," was the quick observation accompanied by a smile. "I came back but a short time ago to find that my father was gone, and I was just looking over some of his papers. I did not expect a call from you, Lady Judith, but—"

"Say that I am welcome," broke in the handsome, haughty looking creature, whose eyes seemed to glow in the light of Max's lamp.

"Of course. We are friends, I trust," he said.

"More than that, I hope," and Judith suddenly crossed the space that intervened between them and leaned eagerly toward Masterson.

"Is that not close enough?"

The woman seemed to shiver.

"You remember what I said at our last meeting? You have not forgotten that I gave my heart to you——"

"Not here!" put in the youth, putting up his hands as if to keep Judith away. "It cannot be, Lady Judith."

"It must be. You don't kow the depths of a woman's passion. You must not trifle with the heart of Lady Trevors. You came back with the girl up yonder, I'm told. You found her somewhere in London and brought her back to play out the game against me. Why, I could twist her swan-like neck and see her lie as dead as her father lay a short time ago!"

The beautiful speaker seemed crazed with excitement she tried in vain to conceal. Her figure seemed to increase in stature, her bloodless hands were clenched and her lips were as white and cold as icicles.

"I will brook no rival, Max Masterson!" she went on. "I never had a rival long and I will have none now. I will brush from my path all who would come between us and this young girl especially. I am as rich as she. My lineage is as good as hers, and in my veins courses some of the best blood of England. You shake your head and say I must go back defeated. I am here to tell you that I will not return to Trevors with defeat on my banners. I love you, but you know that already. You must give up the woman in Mascot Hall. I will make you Lord Trevors. I will surround you with wealth, but best of all I will give you the love of my whole heart—a heart that beats but for you and you alone!"

She put out her gloved hands, but seeing that they were gloved she tore the gloves to fragments and threw them at Masterson's feet.

"Answer me! Tell me now and here that you will become Lord Trevors, that you will not look again upon the face of Valerie of Mascot Hall; but that across the stream which she shall not bridge we will be happy forever."

Masterson pushed her gently away.

Never before had he seen this tall, courtly woman in such a passion.

Her eyes shone like a basilisk's; her bosom rose and fell with the passions she did not attempt to hide, but which she poured out in lavish quantity at Masterson's feet.

"I will not go without your answer," she went on, keeping her ground between him and the door.

"Then you shall go!" was the reply. "I cannot become Lord Trevors. I reject your offer, for I am to wed Lady Valerie as soon as the murder mystery of the Hall is solved."

It seemed to Masterson that all the love light in Judith's eyes vanished instantly.

She had transformed herself into a demoness and suddenly she drew back while she looked at him with scorn and ineffable hatred.

"That is your decision—your final one?" she cried.

"It is."

"You will wait till the mystery is solved before leading this young girl to the altar?"

"I am to wait till then."

"What if the mystery is never solved?"

"Have no fears of that. It is near a solution now."

The woman started.

"What the past hides you may never see!" she exclaimed. "And the future will never see you place the wedding ring on the finger of Valerie of Mascot Hall if I, Judith Trevors, can prevent!"

"What mean you, woman?" cried Masterson, darting toward the woman whose hand had touched the latch.

"Wait and see! You have torn in twain the only love I ever offered man. You have scorned me, made a mere plaything of me, and you think to throw me aside as one throws a twig from his path. I am not powerless. From this moment I am more fiend than woman. I am no longer Judith of Trevors Grange, but Judith, the scorned, the insulted, the avenger!"

She was terrible to look upon.

CHAPTER XX.

MISSING—A BLACK DAGGER.

"Of course you are glad to get back to Mascot?"

"Very glad, indeed. I shall never forget my peril in London nor my indebtedness to you, Mr. Black, for your good work."

Valerie and Donald Black, the London detective, sat in the spacious library of Mascot Hall, and the rich old chandeliers showered the whole room with their soft light.

"As I told you, we finally located Sir Reginald by shadowing his pal, Thimbles. It seemed our last hope, for I was sure that Mrs. Craigie, the she cat, could not be induced to give his lordship away even if she knew his hiding place. He has quitted London, glad to get away that easy. Of course I can lay hands on him at any time, and, should he break his bond of good behavior, he will fall into the hands of the authorities. He turned over nearly all the Indian gems, and I am quite confident of tracing up those which slipped away and into the hands of the Jews of Houndsitch. I am quite sure that your father was not killed by Thimbles and his pal, Larry, who were sent down here to rob the secret treasure house which they did, taking the jewels to their master and employer, Sir Reginald."

"I congratulate you on your success, Mr. Black, and feel that I can never repay you," said Valerie, watching the detective as he lifted from a little grip on the desk a package, the contents of which she thought she knew.

"They are here," continued Donald, "with the exception of gems worth perhaps five thousand pounds; these are the treasures of the Nabob."

As he finished Donald Black opened the package which he had sealed before leaving London and spread the glittering gems before Valerie's sight.

The young girl leaned over them with an exclamation of surprise.

The detective watched the glow on her cheeks while she looked and waited for him to speak.

"As you know, I have come down on a double mission," he said, as she looked up. "First, I wanted to restore the gems, and secondly, I have come to solve the mystery connected with your father's murder."

"You think, then, that it is here?"

"It can be no where else."

"In Mascot Hall?"

"Perhaps not right under this roof, but it is here," and the ferret spoke with great confidence. "The London end of the trail yielded the lost jewels, nothing more."

"It saved me from the net of that prince of rascals, Sir Reginald Henlow."

"Of which I am very glad, miss. You will keep these gems where they will be safe?"

"I will see to that," cried Valerie, as she began to replace the glittering stones in the little box from which the detective had taken them. "The safe over there where the dagger lies is a safe place, I think."

"Ah, yes, the black dagger," said Black; "may I look at it again?"

"Certainly."

"They say there is an inscription just underneath the hilt."

"There is something there and Hugo once translated it for me.'

"A verse of some kind, is it not?"

"A couplet, which, translated, runs thus:

" 'Who handles me someone must slay,
In darksome night or sunlit day.' "

Valerie was about to rise and cross the carpet to the steel safe when she said:

"You remember that I told you about finding the button in the corridor where papa was murdered?"

"Yes, but you could not produce the button which you were sure you took up to London."

"I have found it!"

"Is it possible?"

"It got down behind the lining of my grip and I found it this morning by the merest accident."

"And you have it, too?"

"I locked it up in the safe for safe keeping."

Valerie went to the safe and opened the strong doors; it taxed all her strength to do so.

"Here it is just as I wrapped it up in the tissue paper," she exclaimed, coming back to the detective with something in her hand.

She handed that something to Donald Black and he uncovered a gray pearl button while Valerie, standing at the desk, watched him narrowly.

"That is the same button," said the girl. "You will see, if you look close, that a few shreds of cloth adhere to the shank."

"I see," and the detective leaned forward and inspected the button with the eyes of one used to noticing small trifles.

"You are sure it was not worn by anyone in Mascot Hall?" he asked, without looking up.

"Quite sure," was the positive reply.

"It is a pretty button," and Black turned it over and over. "Then, it was a suspicious place to find it."

"Very."

"Strange that it did not attract me when I first visited the tragic spot."

"It seems that it was reserved for me to find it," smiled Valerie. "As you say, it was a strange place surely for a button like that one."

"I've found fatal clues in strange places," remarked the detective. "You have never seen any button like it, miss?"

(Continued on page fourteen.)

The Ways of Plutocracy.

In interviewing the trillionaire for the press, I observed that he wore cork-soled shoes.

"Whis is this?" I asked.

"They keep my feet warm as I walk on the necks of the submerged tenth," replied the trillionaire, with the utmost courtesy.

His candor quite disarmed my suspicions; from this time on I thoroughly believed him.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

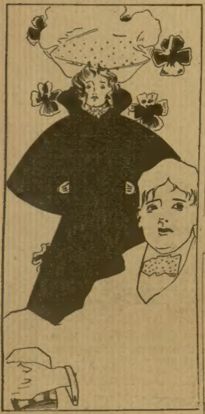
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

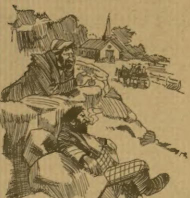


He—Of course, ladies are much handsomer than men.

She—Naturally.

He—No, artificially.

His Choice.



Frayed Foster—Suppose a judge should give yer yer choice uv ten days in jail or ten Sundays at church, which would yer take

Weary Waggles—I'd take de church. Dere is better sleepin' accommodations in a church.

A Page From "Macbeth."

"Talk about murdering sleep!"

Macbeth had been wooing the drowsy god for five hours.

"Talk about murdering sleep! A guilty conscience is a dollar's worth of morphine compared to those cats."

And he threw a coat of mail and a pair of sheet-steel boots at the feline congress across the moat.

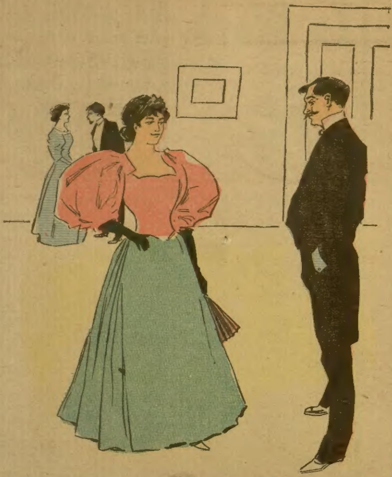
"Knock 'Em Down With a Club"

Mallards, Pintails, Bluebills and Teal are plentiful on the Kankakee marsh, on the Monon Route. Get tickets to Shelby at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St.

A Modest Request.

Hewitt—My money is my best friend.

Jewett—Well, the best of friends must part; lend me five, will you?



He—You say you like a manly man. What is your idea of a manly man?

She—Well, for instance, one who doesn't stay and stay and stay just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out.

Truly Rural.

A truly rural lover, with a truly rural cot,
Wooed a truly rural maiden all the May;
Said the truly rural lover, "Truly rural is our lot—
Let us marry in a truly rural way!"
So a truly rural wedding and a truly rural feast
Made two true truly rurals truly one;
For naught truly rural truly cared they in the least—
Oh, two truer truly rurals there are none!

Couldn't Lose Her.

Green—I see your daughter was married last week. I suppose you "gave her away," as the saying is?

Brown—Yes, I did, but she's come back to me again.

Green—What! She hasn't left her husband already?

Brown—Oh, no. She brought him with her.

Had Lived in the City.

Conductor—Your ticket is for Lawnville, and we don't stop until we get to Trenton. This is the lightning express.

Suburban Resident—All right. When we get to Lawnville I'll jump. I've got off of street cars many a time when the driver was homeward bound on his last trip.

A Man of Brains.

Mrs. D'Avnoo (indignantly)—What! Move out of the city and live in the suburbs? Indeed I won't—so there!

Mr. D'Avnoo (who wants to economize)—My dear, a pretty woman like you never looks so charming as when sitting in a phaeton at a suburban railway station waiting for her husband.

She went.

A Big Drop in Bicycles.

A happy surprise is in store for all bicycle riders, for several makers of well known high grade bicycles, as well as some makers of cheaper grades, have placed their entire output in the hands of one house, to be sold direct to the riders everywhere at the lowest prices ever known. For special prices, that will be lower than bicycles were ever before advertised or sold at, and for a free trial and pay after received offer, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (INC.), Chicago, Ill.

Suspiciously Docile.

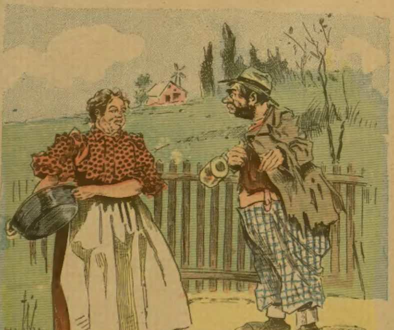
"Is the little Jones boy bright?"

"I don't think so; he minds every word his father and mother say to him."

Impossible.

"We can be friends," she said, softly.

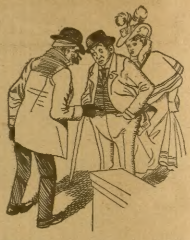
"Then we can never be man and wife," he answered, dismally.



Mrs. Farmer—Why don't you take a bath once in a while?

Flowery Fields—Out uv respect ter me mother. Her dyin' words ter me wuz. "Hang yer clo'es on a hickery limb an' don't go near de water;" an' I never have.

Scientific Money-Getters.



Brown—Do you believe in Christian Science

Smith—Oh, yes; I attended a church ice cream festival manipulated by pretty girls last evening and came home dead broke.

It Cures Catarrh.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure will cure the worst cases of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, etc. Thousands of sufferers have been cured. Mr. W. T. Harris, of Moscow, Tenn., writes, "Your remedy cured me of a severe case of catarrh of the head, of about ten years standing."

This remedy can be used at home, and costs only $1.00 for a box containing one month's treatment, sent by mail. Send all orders and correspondence to Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 24 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga. A trial sample will be mailed upon request. See large advertisement on page 3.

A Coarse Plebian.

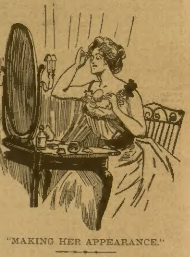
Mrs. Rittenhouse Squeer—That Bjones woman is simply impossible. Her manners are shocking.

Mrs. De Lancey Place—Yes, she actually listens to the music when she goes to the opera.

No Condolence to Offer.

"Don't you feel sorry for Cousin Sara? Her eyes have got so she can't see to read or sew?"

"No, I don't! She has just as good a right to wear spectacles as any of us."



"MAKING HER APPEARANCE."

Very Annoying.

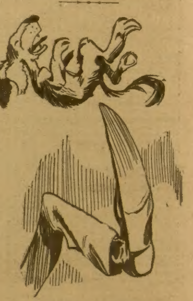
Bramble—How do you like that deaf mute barber?

Thorne—Not at all. He talks on his fingers while he's shaving.

Has Heard It.

Hicks—Nice baby the Bjohnsons have, isn't it?

Wicks—Yes, the neighbors all say that it is a howling success.



A POINTER ON SHOES.

STORYETTES.

His Solemn Vow.

"No, I will not violate my oath," exclaimed the Capitol Hill man, striding up and down the room. "It was in my extreme youth, but an oath made at any stage of life is sacred, and I cannot, will not disregard it!"

His distressed wife clasped her hands in supplication.

"But Johnnie needs it," she almost wailed. "This is the spring of the year, when the blood of children is thick and needs to be thinned, and, besides, every child ought to have some kind of a spring medicine as a tonic and——"

"That end of it's all right, Euclindia," said the Capitol Hill man in a relentless tone, "but my oath goes. When, at the age of 9 years my mother used to corral me and the rest of the kids every morning before breakfast around this time of year and force down our throats a big pewter tablespoonful of thick, gritty, yallery, evil-tasting sulphur and molasses, and club us with fence pickets if we tried to duck and sidestep that regular morning ceremony, I made a solemn, heaven-hear-me vow that if ever I had any young ones of my own, the sulphur-and-molasses game 'ud be cut out, and that vow's going to stick, Euclidia—it's going to stick! I don't care a hoot in Jackson City if Johnne's blood's as thick as the mayonnaise dressing in a baseball magnate's head, I don't stand for no sulphur and molasses, and I have spoke."

Thus brutally shorn of one of the hereditary privileges of motherhood, the wife of the Capitol Hill man buried her face in her hands and sobbed dismally.

◆

The Spring Poet.

"Do you wish any spring poetry today?" inquired a long-haired caller, and the lamb-like editor reached for his gun. The caller saw the motion and held up his hand appealingly.

"Shoot if you will this long-haired head, but do not kill the poet dead," he crooned softly. "Did I understand you to say that you would like some spring poetry today?" he added, with mild insistence.

"I would like it as well today as any day," replied the editor; "but I do not like it any day. There's housecleaning and moving and a superabundance of bile and torpid livers and influenza and enough other things to contend with in the spring without having any poetry shoved in on us."

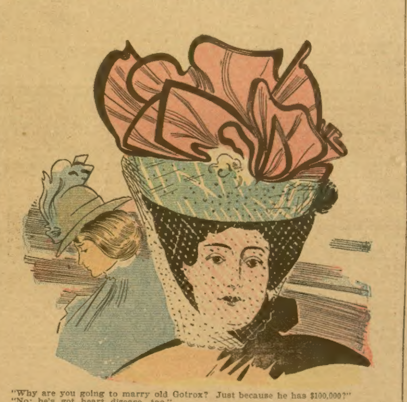
"But think of the kind mine is," insisted the visitor. "Listen," and he pulled out a dingy-looking slip of paper and read:

"There bursts the jonquil from the earth
To meet the growing showers,
And there the crocus preens its plumes,
The rooster of the flowers."

"What do you think of that?"

"Whoever heard of a flower being a rooster?" queried the editor. "The most unlimited poetic license will not permit that sort of a wrench to the imagination."

"Steady, steady, my Pegasus," said the visitor, soothingly. "I knew you would be kicking out of the traces and I don't blame you, for there is a really startling thought in that suggestion. "It is plain enough when you see it."



"Why are you going to marry old Gotrox? Just because he has $100,000?"
"No; he's got heart disease, too."

"Which isn't saying that anybody can ever see it."

"Only the blind will not see. Now observe, please. The crocus is the rooster of the flowers is what I said, didn't I? And I am right, for the rooster is a crow cuss, ain't he? Now, what have you got to say?"

And what the editor said was not fit for publication.

◆

Both "Sot" in Their Way.

Seated on a rock by the roadside about forty rods beyond a humble cabin, was a lonesome looking man, and the colonel halted to ask if he was ill.

"It's this way, stranger," he replied, after standing up to get a better look at the cabin. "I fell out with the ole woman yisterday and had to take the outside of the cabin."

"You had a family understanding?"

"That's it. I left the cabin and told her I'd never come back 'till she begged my parding. That was noon yisterday and I've sot here ever since."

"Wouldn't it be better to go down and do your share toward making peace?"

"Couldn't think of it. I've got to hold on to my dignity or the family would go to smash, and I've got to be boss or I couldn't live with her. She's the most cantankerous woman in these yere parts."

"Suppose she doesn't."

"Then I'll sot yere 'till I starve to death. I've got to conker or die. Yo' might stop at the cabin as yo' go along and sorter put in a word for me. Tell her yo' talked with me, and that yo' found me so sot that nuthin' on the face of this airth kin unsot me."

When the colonel reached the cabin he found a middle-aged woman seated on the doorstep placidly smoking a pipe. They saluted and then she knocked the fire out of her pipe and said:

"Stranger, I reckon yo' saw Jim up thar?"

"Yes."

"And he axed yo' to tell me that he was sot, and that I must give in?"

"Yes."

"He's lookin' for me to wave a rag?"

"He is."

"Wa-al, now, yo' look at me. If that yere Jim Oberly kin be sot, so kin his wife. I do declar' and I'm willin' to die by it, that I'll sot right yere in my sotness 'till I conker that onery man or my bones eat through the floor. If he won't give in I won't, and if yo' happen to pass this way ag'in next week yo'll find my skeleton right yere and Jim's skeleton up thar', and my skeleton will be wearin' the triumphant smile of victory!"

◆

Routed the Boers.

A little ten-year-old girl who belongs to a perennially impecunious uptown family, was doing her regular front-door-attending stunt on Saturday last. First it was the milkman. The little girl went to the front door to answer the ring.

"Nobody in," she said to the milk collector, who departed growling.

After awhile the ice man with a dog's-eared bill dating from last sumer, showed up. The little girl's mother, who was sewing in the dining room, made sundry and divers motions of her head for the instruction of the little girl when the bell rang.

"Nobody home except me," said she to the ice collector, who said a few muttered things and went away.

About half an hour later there was another ring and the little girl got the nod from her mother.

"Paw and maw's both out," said the child to the collector on the installment furniture. The collector looked incredulous and said rude says under his breath, but he, too went away.

Ten minutes later there was another fierce ring, and the child again opened the door and told the sulky-looking grocery collector that she was the only member of the family at home. The grocery collector went away, banging the gate after him pretty hard. The little girl closed the door, put her hands to her hips, looked thoughtful and sighed.

"Talk about your Ladysmiths," she breathed, softly, and then her impecunious father descended from his kopje, put on his hat and coat, gazed around the laager to see if the way was clear, and went out.

◆

Mean Man's Scheme.

Blobbs—Closefist ought to be ashamed to teach is wife to play poker.

Slobbs—Oh, there's method in his madness. He gives her an allowance, and then sits down and wins it all back.

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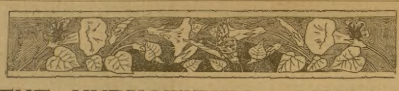
Just to show the good faith in the Anglo-American alliance the president might loan Great Britain a couple of Ohio men to be governors of the Transvaal and the Free State when these countries have become British provinces.

FARMERS THAT CO-OPERATE.

One of the most successful but least known cooperative associations is that of the Rockwell farmers, which has just completed the eleventh year of its existence; its report shows that last year was its most prosperous. The association consists of farmers in the vicinity of Rockwell, Iowa. Eleven years ago there was a firm of brothers in the neighborhood that grew rich so rapidly by buying the produce of the farmers and selling them supplies that the latter resolved to secure these profits for themselves. They formed a cooperative association, selling stock to ninety-five farmers in four townships in shares of $1 each, no man being allowed to own more than three shares. The association built an elevator and began the business of marketing the grain and hogs of its members and selling them their supplies.

A unique provision in the constitution has been the bulwark of the association. The members are paid one-fourth of a cent more than is given the seller outside the society, and members are compelled to pay one-fourth of a cent commission on all grain they sell to competitors. The manager pays the highest price possible based on Chicago quotations, and if any competitor offers higher prices the members sell to him and pay the commission to the association. Thus the association's members always have a market where they can get the highest prices or else the competitor must pay more than the market price to the benefit of both the association and its members. As a result the farmers have actually always received from ½ cent to 1½ cents more for their grain than do the farmers in neighboring counties. The goods sold by the association are at prices from 20 to 25 per cent less than at regular stores in nearby towns. The association has grown until it now has 500 members, and did over $500,000 business last year.

The success of the association is due largely to the excellent management of its affairs and also to the fact that public sentiment prevents a break. The two or three farmers who have sold grain to outsiders without paying the commission have been ostracized socially. Its profits, of course, are due to the fact that the middleman is eliminated and its managers are content to work for merely nominal salaries. The wreck of most cooperative associations has been due to bad management and the lack of sound business principles in the conduct of their affairs.

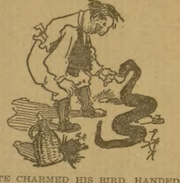


THE HYPNOTIZING SNAKES.

BY EDWIN J. WEBSTER.

"Old Seth Hopkins always was a crank on the subject of snakes, especially blacksnakes," said Deacon Todgers, reminiscently to the crowd at the store. "'A rattler's pizen clear through,' Seth used to say to me, 'but a blacksnake's got intelligence. It's my belief blacksnakes were referred to in the Scriptures, where they make allusion to the wisdom of the serpent. But, of course, I ain't sure; only it seems probable.'

"There was one thing Seth was even a bigger crank about than snakes—that was trying to get some one else to do his work for him. One day last fall Seth went down to the city and while he was there he attended some show where they hypnotized people and made them do all sorts of things, just according to what the 'professor' who did the hypnotizing seemed to want. Well, Seth came back fairly bubbling over with his new idea.



PETE CHARMED HIS BIRD, HANDED IT OVER TO SETH, AND GOT A DRINK.

"'It's on the same principle that a blacksnake charms a bird,' he says, describing the show to me. 'Properly applied, there's lots of money in the scheme. Why should I wear out my poor old limbs trudging after woodcock and snipe, when the woods are full of strong, healthy blacksnakes, waiting and anxious to use their natural powers of hypnotism for the benefit of a tired, but worthy old man?'

"'And are you going to put an ad. in the papers: "Wanted, a dozen healthy blacksnakes to work for a man too lazy to do his own shooting?"' I asked him sort of sarcastically. 'Supposing you gather in your snakes and set them to work. Do you think they will give you the birds they catch? Blacksnakes have their good points, but I never heard that childish generosity was their strong hold.'

"Seth flared up at this. 'I may be tired a good part of the time, but I ain't an old fool. If the blacksnakes work for me, it will be for wages, and if they give up the birds they catch it will be in exchange for something they like better.'

"'There ain't anything a blacksnake likes better than a fat snipe or woodcock,' I objected, but sort of doubtfully.

"Seth looked at me as if he thought I was a big fool. 'There ain't now,' he says, scornful like, 'but do you think a creature of the intelligence of a blacksnake can't be trained so as to have educated tastes like a man? What does Big Tom Evans like best of anything?'

"'Whisky,' I answered up promptly.

"'But he didn't care for it the first time he tasted it,' says Seth, earnestly. 'Neither does a blacksnake. Tom would rather have a drink of whisky now than a carload of woodcock. And a blacksnake could be educated——'

"'Seth Hopkins,' I interrupted, for I was mighty shocked; 'Seth Hopkins, do you mean to say that you, a member of the church and a professor of religion, intend to catch these innocent snakes and deliberately corrupt them until they fill drunkards' graves?'

"'Fudge,' replied Seth, but in sort of an annoyed way. 'I ain't going to "corrupt innocent snakes." I'm going to take full grown ones that are old enough to take a drink or leave it alone. Good whisky never harmed man or snake unless they took enough to interfere with their work, and my snakes ain't going to get any until they have done their duty. A blacksnake's life is a monotonous one at the best, and it is only an act of kindness to give him something that will cheer his heart. Here I'm planning an act of charity, and blamed if you don't act as if I ought to have a regular Snakes' Christian Temperance Union put on my trail.'

"So Seth caught half a dozen extra big blacksnakes and set to work training them—'educating,' he called it. In spite of his fine words about charity to poor snakes, I couldn't reconcile his way of training them to my conscience. For it was nothing more or less than building up a desire for strong drink and making drunkards of those poor misguided creatures. Still I was mighty curious to know how his experiment would turn out, and it wasn't any of my business to interfere. So I didn't.

"The first thing Seth did was to mix a little liquor with the food of his snakes by dipping the pieces of meat he gave them in whisky. At first the snakes wouldn't touch the meat, but it was all they could get to eat, so they finally swallowed it. A blacksnake seems to take to whisky pretty naturally, and it was only a few days before Seth's snakes wouldn't look at their meat unless it had a taste of liquor about it. Seth kept them in a little pen and they soon got to know him. When he came out to feed them the snakes would all hurry over to Seth and crawl around him, and lift up their heads and sort of make a fuss over him, as if they were telling him what a good fellow he was and how glad they were to see him, and wouldn't he please give them a drink, for all the world like a lot of loafers when an easy thing comes into a bar room.

"'It's an interesting experiment in snake nature and shows that blacksnakes have a human liking for good liquor,' I said to Seth, 'but I don't see where Seth Hopkins is getting birds out of the game.'

"'Don't worry about that, deacon,' says Seth, as complacent as if he were some benefactor of dumb brutes. 'The first thing is to get these snakes of mine anxious for liquor. The next thing will be to teach them that the only way they can get a drink is to turn in a bird. When these intelligent creatures realize that fact, your Uncle Seth will swing in his hammock and smoke while six well trained and extra big blacksnakes scurry around the country looking for woodcock to bring in and exchange for drinks. It's brain work and not smokeless powder that makes a great hunter in this closing year of the century.'

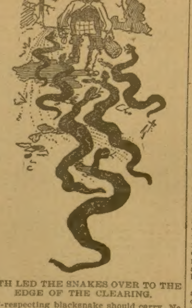
"Seth knew a blacksnake depended a good deal on charming, or 'hypnotizing', as he called it, to catch birds, and he acted on this idea in the second part of his task of training the snakes. First Seth set some traps, and after a good deal of trouble—for woodcock had been shot at so much they were mighty shy—he caught a few live birds. Then Seth would tie a bird on a pole, where it would be out of reach of a snake. The string with which the bird was tied prevented it from flying away and at the same time was long enough so that the snake could bring the bird to Seth if charmed so as to fall into the power of the snake.

"Seth waited until his blacksnakes were pretty thirsty, and then, instead of giving them anything that resembled good liquor, he took one of them out where a bird was tied. It was whisky, not woodcock, the snake wanted, and at first the snake would pike right over to where Seth was standing and fairly beg for a drink. Seth would take it back and put it in front of the snake.

"'It's a case of no bird, no booze,' Seth says to me when I came over to watch his 'school,' as he called it. 'The intelligence of that retiring, but useful animal, the blacksnake, has been underestimated. But these are educated snakes, brought up under my own eye, and it won't be long before they appreciate what I want of them. When they understand that Uncle Seth ain't running a free distillery, but wants birds, they will establish a new record in the history of woodcock hunting.'

"Seth put all six of his snakes through their schooling. But there's just as much difference in the intelligence of snakes as there is of men, and a big blacksnake that Seth called 'Pete' was the first to comprehend what Seth wanted. Pete realized after a few lessons that every time he charmed a bird and brought it to Seth he had a drink coming. Then Pete wanted to work overtime, but Seth wouldn't let him.

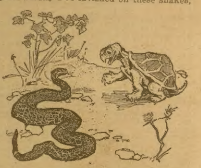
"'That's too smart and valued an animal to let him be cut off in the flower of his youth by red-eye whisky,' Seth says, earnestly to me. 'Strong drink is raging,' he told Pete, just as if the big snake could understand him. 'You've got a long and glorious future before you and a comfortable jag at the present time, and that's all a self-respecting blacksnake should carry. No more whisky for you at present, my bird-charming friend.' And the big snake sneaked off, as if he knew just what Seth was saying.



SETH LED THE SNAKES OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING.

"As soon as Seth saw Pete understood the game he changed his methods a little. Instead of taking the snakes out separately to their school he brought them out in a bunch with a bird for each. Pete charmed his bird, handed it over to Seth and got a drink. The other snakes came hurrying up for a drink, too, but they didn't come in on that round. It wasn't but a little while before the five other snakes realized what they must do to get a drink, and then they fairly tumbled over themselves to charm birds and exchange them for drinks. After they had done this about a dozen times, Seth judged their education was complete.

"'Valuable time and fatherly care and good whisky I've lavished on these snakes,' says Seth, 'and now they can repay me. Woodcock are scarce and command a good price. But with the aid of my six educated blacksnakes and my own masterly intellect, I'm going to flood the market. And I won't stir out of the house to do it.'



PETE KEPT HIS EYES ON THE TURTLE AND WAVED HIS HEAD SLOWLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

"The next day Seth began to gather in his harvest of birds. He kept his snakes locked up until they were mighty anxious for their morning grog. Then he let them out. The snakes being anxious to catch a bird and get a drink, began to look around in a wondering way. But not a bird was in sight. Then Seth led the snakes over to the edge of the clearing, they following him like a lot of sheep. Seth waved his hand in the direction of the woods. For a minute the snakes were clean puzzled. Then they got it through their heads that the birds they were expected to get were in the woods and that the quicker they got a bird, the sooner each thirsty blacksnake would have a drink. And each snake dusted off for the woods.

"Late that afternoon I called around at Seth's house. There he was lying in the hammock and smoking his pipe as calm and peaceable as if he had nothing to do but draw interest on his money. At one side of the room were six piles of woodcock. There wasn't a pile with less than fifteen birds in it, and one pile had twenty-two. As fast as a snake had brought in a bird Seth had given it a drink of whisky for its pay. The pile represented a good deal of whisky, but as woodcock were scarce and bringing a good price and each drink had been a small one, Seth was a long ways ahead of the game.

"'Where's all your snakes?' I asked him. Seth looked at me kind of amazed.

"'Those trained and intelligent creatures of mine are blacksnakes, deacon, not sewers,' said he. 'Where would any creatures be that's drank the amount of whisky represented by those piles of birds? Sleeping it off, of course. All but Pete, dear old Pete. He's several drinks ahead of any of the others, and he's out after a fresh bird now.'

"Just then there was a little rustle at the door and in came Pete. Did you ever see a drunken blacksnake? Well, it is the most disreputable sight in the world. Pete would manage to wriggle ahead a few feet, then half roll over on his side and stop. By the time he got under way again he had dropped the bird he was carrying. Then he would give a couple of feeble waves of his head and finally get a grip on the bird. His eyes were more than half closed, but he was game, and at last reached the pile and dropped the woodcock beside it. Then Pete turned to Seth and waited for his drink. Seth wasn't inclined to give it to him, but Pete looked up at him with a sort of sleepy but indignant look, as if to say, 'I've earned my drink and I want it,' so Seth put a little liquor in a cup in front of the big snake. Pete drank it. Then he was all in, and Seth had to carry him to the pen. I was shocked clean through.

"'It's a sin and a shame, Seth Hopkins,' I said, indignantly. 'You've corrupted those poor creatures and led them into evil ways. It means a drunkard's death for them.'

"'It means a pile of woodcock for me,' replied Seth, ashamed, but sort of sullen like.

"Well, the news of Seth's way of catching birds got around, for even if he felt he had one wrong, Seth was mighty proud of his 'invention' and couldn't help telling about it. When the minister heard of it he was grieved. He called on Seth and struck the house just as Seth was relieving a hard working snake of a bird and paying him with a drink.

"'There'll be no blessing come of such ill-gotten gains,' said the good man, solemnly.

"'Twelve, twenty-three, thirty-three, forty-eight, sixty-seven, seventy-one birds and more coming,' replied Seth, counting the piles. 'When you can tell me of some way in which, by the aid of a blessing and a shotgun, I can get seventy-one birds I'll quit the game. I've educated these particular snakes with tender care, and it is only right that they should support me in my old age. The snakes are happy and I'm making money. The only people that have a kick coming are the birds, and they don't bid in this game.'

"The minister was still more grieved, both at Seth's hardness of heart and at the sort of flippant way in which he treated the matter. But it seemed no use to argue the matter, so after giving Seth a final warning that no good could come of money earned in such a manner the good man left him to his evil ways.

"But just as Seth began to be puffed up with pride and haughtiness and to think of nothing except the money his bird-catching blacksnakes would bring him, his hard luck came on him. The snakes, of course, would drink all the whisky they could hold, and Seth, thinking he was making money out of each drink, kept on filling them up to the limit each day.

"'You've got a profitable, if not a righteous game,' said I to him, for while I didn't approve of his scheme I was interested in it. 'But don't work it to death. Those snakes look up to you, and as long as you give them liquor they think it all right. But even a blacksnake's constitution can't stand the amount of whisky your pets are absorbing.'

"But, no, that didn't suit Seth. He was making money and meant to stick to the game as long as the woodcock season lasted. So every night those poor snakes went to bed drunk, often having put in a hard day's work, and every morning they woke up with the snake equivalent for a dark-brown taste in their mouths and an eager desire for several bracers.

"For about three weeks Seth kept gathering in a harvest of birds. Then the crash came. The snakes had been acting nervous and irritable, and one night Seth was awakened by a noise in the pen where he kept them. He lit a lantern and started out to investigate. Out in the pen he found, instead of six peacefully sleeping snakes, one tangled mass of twisting heads and tails. The snakes had evidently been uneasy and two of them had started fighting. Then all six being on the verge of snake delirium tremens had joined in. Seth did his best to quiet them down, but couldn't do it until all but one of the snakes had been killed. The live one was big Pete, and he was pretty well used up. Seth refused to be comforted

"'Five cherished pets gone and by the time the other one is able to be around again, the woodcock season will be over,' said Seth when I called on him next day. 'I ought not to put them in the same pen when the poor things were getting short in their temper,' he says with never a word of blame for himself for turning innocent snakes into animated whisky punch.

"When Pete got well enough for work again the woodcock season was at an end. Seth was feeling blue when one day Pete came trailing in with a small duck. Then Seth was the most delighted man you ever saw and gave Pete an extra large drink. I remonstrated with him.

"'It's all right for that big snake of yours to hypnotize woodcock,' I told him. That's natural and proper, but when he goes around trying to hypnotize any old thing that comes his way, he's sure to get into trouble in the end. You ought to teach him different instead of rewarding him.'

"But Seth wouldn't listen. As long as Pete brought in anything that could be sold he should have a drink. That's the reason Seth is mourning the loss of the most intelligent blacksnake ever born in this county.

"The next day I was walking in the woods near Seth's house when I saw, down in a little gully, Pete crawling over the stones, evidently in search of something to hypnotize. Pretty soon a big snapping turtle came out of the creek and waddled up the bank. Pete saw the turtle, and hurrying up, placed himself about ten feet in front of it and began trying to charm the big turtle, the same as he would a harmless woodcock. A snapping turtle don't take kindly to being hypnotized, and I tried to warn Pete of his danger by shouting and throwing down stones. But after his reward for the duck, the big snake thought it was proper to try the charming game on any old thing. Pete kept his eye on the turtle and waved his head slowly from side to side, the same tactics which had brought down hundreds of woodcock. But the turtle kept waddling straight ahead until he was within reach of Pete. Then he shot out his ugly head, got a grip on poor Pete's neck and held on, after the placid manner of snapping turtles. Pete squirmed and wriggled, but the turtle stuck to his grip, and when the threshing stopped Pete was dead

Seth was heartbroken when I told him of the loss of his pet.

"'It's all my fault; I ought to have taught him better,' he groaned. 'But who would have thought that such an intelligent and educated a blacksnake would try to hypnotize a snapping turtle

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COFFEE ARGUMENT.

New Evidence of the Effect.

A South Dakota man, W. A. Dawley, Sturgis, explains the condition some men get into from coffee drinking. Let it be understood that coffee seems to agree with some people well enough, but when a person finds it does not agree, it is better to leave it off. He says: "I used coffee about twenty years, and quit it September 30, 1898. I had become almost a complete wreck, thin in flesh and emaciated, dyspepsia and indigestion of the worst order, nerves shattered, no appetite, slept very little, and my blood was so thin that the slightest breeze chilled me through.

Medicines gave no relief; I had about given up when I finally concluded to investigate and see if it was really true, as I had read in a number of your statements that coffee acted like a poison to some people. It was an easy matter to leave off coffee when I took Postum Food Coffee, for the food coffee tasted as good as the other, and to my surprise, it set good on my weak stomach.

"I have been buying the Postum through my grocer, Mr. Jas. Meyer, and always have followed directions carefully. I liked it from the first and have drank Postum three times a day ever since. Have gained twenty pounds in weight, my appetite is better than ever before, my sleep perfect, dyspepsia is a thing of the past and my nerves are what they should be. I can vouch for the statement that Postum Food Coffee 'makes red blood' and plenty of it. My son, Amos Dawley, of this city has been completely cured of dyspepsia in three months by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. This is given you as an honest testimonial of the priceless value of your (to me) life-saving food drink. You are welcome to use my name if you want." Respectfully.

◆

The Small-Minded Man.

"Well," said the Small-Minded Man, "I have found out another woman's age."

"How did you do it?" asked the listener.

"Why, I asked her suddenly how many years it was since 1873."

"But how did you find out her age?"

"She figured up by substracting five from thirty-two before she thought."

◆

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◆

At the Examination.

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Promising Student—When the patient dies, sir.

◆

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◆

What Made Him a Poet.

If the following story from the Chicago Tribune be true—we presume it is only a humorous invention—there is one poet who was made, not born. A lady, on a visit to the home of her youth, is reported by the Chronicler to have remarked to a friend about her son:

"It seems strange to me to hear that your son Arthur is a poet. When I knew him I never suspected that he had an inclination in that direction. I suppose, though, that you have seen it in him from the first?"

"No," the young man's mother replied, "he never gave any indication of it as a boy. His school books are not, as one would naturally suppose, scribbled full of rhymes. He did not lisp in numbers, as we read that other poets did. Indeed, Arthur was about as plain and practical a boy as could have been found anywhere."

"That's the way he always seemed to me. When was it discovered that he had this gift?"

"Well, the first time we noticed it in him was one day after a heavy sign, which had projected over the street, fell, as he was walking along, and struck him on the head. As soon as he regained consciousness he seemed to be a poet."

◆

Why?

He—Why are women afraid of mice; the little things can't hurt them.

She—Why are men afraid of pink dragons and green snakes that they think they see in their boots sometimes? The things are only imaginary and they know they can't hurt them?

◆

Hence the Expression.

The Cliff Dweller had returned home intoxicated, and, making a misstep, slipped off the crags and been dashed to pieces on the rocks, hundreds of feet below.

"Alas!" said a neighbor, "he has fallen from his high estate!"

◆

Catskill Cows' Corrupt Ways.

Sad indeed is the tale of bovine depravity that comes from the Catskill mountains.

Demoralized by intimate association with the giddy and irresponsible deer that were released from the State park several years ago, the farmers' cows have taken to jumping fences and indulging in other reprehensible practices.

Up to the time when those deer were let loose to kick their heels at large all over the mountains the cattle of the region were untouched by scandal

They were renowned for their modesty of demeanor, their sobriety and attention to business

They would make a detour rather than trample on growing crops, and nothing could tempt one of them to pull up so much as a carrot without permission

But when the mountains became infested with lightsome four-legged things, adept at the running high jump, strange to the tyranny of the milking shed, amenable to no authority, and greedy for the daintiest produce of the agriculturist, the fatal germ of dissipation was introduced among the herds

They went into training for acrobatic feats. When they thought the farmers were not looking that way they practiced long springs and high kicking. They worked hard to reduce flesh and acquire lightness of foot. The deer good-naturedly gave them the benefit of encouragement, advice and example

The worst of it was that, the deer being protected by the state, the farmers dared not shoot them

In course of time it came about that the Catskill cow that couldn't jump a fence to devastate a cornfield or a cabbage patch was looked upon by its contemporaries as an old fogy, a survival of the stone age, unworthy to associate with the superior "new" cows of today.

◆

Color Combinations.

There is no color so valuable in decoration as blue, nor one from which so many schemes may be evolved. For a sunny room blue may be used entirely, as far as wall papers, carpets or draperies are concerned, or blue and green.

A blue and green room looks best with green stained furniture, and is more appropriate for a library or bed room, but as this furniture is found sometimes in dining rooms and halls it may be used there also. For a hall blue "Delamere" paper lends itself well to a blue and green scheme, but the green must be carefully chosen, as far as curtains are concerned.

An artistic though inexpensive dining room for a small house can be well carried out in blue and green. As there will be but little space the walls may be painted in pale blue, and the woodwork should be in a deeper shade. A square of blue carpet should cover the floor, and the window curtains should be of a bright shade of green. A nice suit of green-stained and rush-seated furniture, consisting sideboard, table, two arm chairs and four small chairs can be bought at a moderate price, and these with some blue and white ornaments will look effective.

◆

General Lawton's Song.

It was well known in military circles that the late Gen. Lawton was a great lover of music. A favorite band selection with him was a march founded on a tenor solo from the opera "Maritana." It was, in fact, known as "General Lawton's song." The St. Louis Globe-Democrat gives the explanation of his liking for the piece

During the Civil war Lawton, then just promoted captain in the Thirtieth Indiana was on a brief leave of absence and in New York. He went to hear "Maritana." The martial spirit of the tenor's song,

"Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open field,

completely captivated him. Turning to his friends, he exclaimed that the song expressed his feelings exactly. He was heard humming the air as he left the theater When he returned to his regiment, he at once asked the bandmaster to get that song A tenor solo was a poser for even a military band, but the leader finally turned it into a march which became General Lawton's favorite. His love for that bit of song never waned.

◆

Owned It All.

John I. Blair, in his earlier days, owned a western railroad along the route of which he established a series of lunch rooms, at which employes of the road were to be charged 50 cents and all passengers 75 cents. Mr. Blair once dined at one of these places, and, concluding his meal, laid down a half-dollar. "Hold on!" cried the cashier, "you don't belong to this road." "I know that," replied Mr. Blair, "the road belongs to me."

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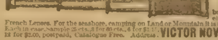

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BOYS AND GIRLS CORNER

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

The Adventures of Three Boys Who Were Cast Away on a Desolate Island in the Polar Sea.

By ALFRED B. TOZER.

(Copyrighted 1900.)

Begun in No. 14, April 7. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.
PREPARING FOR WINTER.

Night had set in when Robert threw himself down upon the sharp edge of the cliff. It was now about the middle of October, and the days were fast growing shorter. In thirty days, at the latest, the sun would entirely disappear for many weeks. As he hung there on the narrow ledge he found himself wondering what his chums would do there alone in the boat during the long Arctic night. It was quite light where he was, notwithstanding the setting of the sun, for the stars shone clear and bright, and the flames from the mouth of the crater cast a ruddy, flaring illumination over the scene.

The boy had nearly abandoned hope, and fully believed that in an hour's time he would be called upon to choose the manner of his death. He might remain where he was and be suffocated by the gases from the volcano, perhaps engulfed in the rising tide of lava, or he might meet a less painful death on the jagged rocks below. Slowly, slowly, the pit filled with the fiery discharge of the crater. The rocks grew warmer and warmer to the touch.

Just at the moment when it seemed that he could endure the heat and the overpowering gases no longer, the sharp sound of a pistol shot came to his ears. His heart thrilled with hope as he considered what this might mean. Charley had undoubtedly managed in some way to reach the island, and was coming to his relief. His gun was still strapped to his back, exactly as he had clambered up the rocks, but his revolvers were within reach, and he sent shot after shot echoing over the circular valley. An answering shot was returned, and then a loud "Hello!" sounded from the basin at the foot of the cone. Attracted by the pillar of flame, Charley had advanced almost to the elevation before firing the shot which had claimed the attention of then half-fainting boy. Had Robert looked down, he must have seen him before the shot was fired.

"Are you all right?" shouted Charley, the words coming faintly through the roar of the crater.

"All right," shouted Robert, in reply, "but I can't get down."

"Wait a minute," was the reply. "I'll fix that."

"For God's sake, hurry, then," shouted Robert, for his position was becoming more uncomfortable every second.

By the lurid torch of the volcano the boy saw Charley take something which looked like a long fishline from his pocket and begin to unwind it. This accomplished, he tied a small stone to one end, stepping back a few paces, threw it upward with all his strength. The stone made a long curve in the air and fell upon the edge of the wall and bounded down again. A second effort, however, was more successful, and Robert, with the line in his hand, felt that the peril was past.

"Pull," shouted the boy below, and Robert did so, with all his might, for his back seemed blistering with the heat. At the end of the line was a strong rope, and this the boy attached to a projecting point of rock and began the downward journey. By throwing the rope about one leg in close coils, he relieved his hands of much of the strain and friction of the descent, landing on the lower level with little damage to them.

"You're a nice boy!" were Charley's first words, as Robert reached his side, "to go wandering off alone. You wanted to see where the smoke came from, did you? Well, I guess you found out, judging from your clothes, which are burned to a cinder all down the back."

"Only for you," replied Robert, with a smile, though there was a little catch in his voice, "I, too, should soon have been burned to a cinder."

"That's all right, old man," said Charley. "We're quits now. You brought me up from below, and I brought you down from above. Let's say no more about it."

"How did you get to the island?" asked Robert.

"Paddled over on an ice float that came along just in time," replied the boy, making light of what had been a perilous feat. "We thought you were in the same trouble, and it was at Will's suggestion that I brought the rope and the fishline. I expected to find that you had tumbled into some hole. Come, let's get back to the landing. I only hope the walrus haven't destroyed the boat. Guess they never saw a human being before, they're so tame."

"You can't say as much for the bears," said Robert.

"I suppose not," was the reply. "But, come, Will will be having the conniptions. See how that flame goes up to the sky. Isn't it just grand? No wonder the bears and sea gulls flock here in droves. Mother Nature keeps a roaring fire for their benefit all winter, and they knew a good thing when they see it, if they can't talk United States."

The boys were soon at the landing, where they found the boat still surrounded by walrus, though intact. The animals fell back a trifle as the boys approached, though they did not appear to be in the least frightened. Several of them swam after the boat half way to the ship.

"I'm going to catch a baby walrus," declared Charley, "and have him for a pet, and Will says he's going to get a baby bear."

The ship was soon reached. They found Will lying alone in the dark cabin, very anxious and also very hungry.

"I thought I had seen the last of you both," he said, "and was making up my mind to get along without you."

The boys all laughed at the idea, but their faces were very grave again directly.

"We'll be more careful in the future," said Robert, and then the story of the day's adventures was told.

"Why can't we imitate the bears and go and live in one of the warm caverns by the volcano?" asked Will, thoughtfully, when the narration was concluded.

"That's a good idea," said Charley. "We can leave a signal down here at the landing so that any vessel coming this way may know we are here. I think it would be just jolly, living in a steam-heated room in a volcano."

"I had just such a residence a short time ago," said Robert, "and it came near being the death of me. Besides, I think the eruption will continue until all the caverns are filled with lava, possibly the circular valley also. The volcano seems to be just getting in its work."

"It was probably waiting for your arrival to commence operations," said Will.

"Yes, I guess so," said Charley. "It was quiet enough yesterday, ever since we have been here, in fact; with just a little smoke and hot air in sight. If it would only stop right where it is, we might have a merry winter in that little valley, but I suppose it will keep on until everything is spoiled, and we'll have to live in an old hut."

After a hearty meal the boys crept into bed and slept soundly for many hours. When they awoke a faint motion of the ship was noticeable and Robert and Charley hastened on deck. It was plainly evident that the ice under the keel was either melting or wearing away, and that the vessel was settling. There was but one thing for the boys to do under the circumstances. That was to get the provisions on shore as soon as possible. Even if the water in the bay should prove to be shallow, the vessel would settle over on her beam-ends as soon as the supporting ice disappeared, and the cabin would be rendered unfit for a residence, even if it did not fill with water.

So the boys set to work with might and main, the whale boat was kept in constant use, and in a week's time enough provisions were landed on the shore to last them for a long time, two or three years at least. These consisted of barrels of pickled pork and beef, which were hard to handle, great boxes of sea-biscuit, tons of tinned goods of all kinds, and prepared vegetables, such as onions, potatoes, beets, etc. The ship had been unusually well supplied with provisions of the better sort and the boys were now reaping the benefit of the captain's foresight.

Of course, after the landing of the provisions began, it was found necessary to protect them night and day, for the bears would have made short work of them if left unguarded. A large fire of wood, taken from the wreck, was kept burning near the place where the goods were piled, and this served a double purpose, as it in a measure protected them from the frost and kept the bears at a respectful distance. Robert and Charley took turns remaining on shore during the dark hours, and both rather liked the novelty of the thing. To a city boy it was a marvelous thing to sit there by the blazing fire, in the heart of the Arctic country, and listen to the scratchy footsteps of the bears, concealed by the heavy shadows of the cliffs, and listen to the clumsy tumblings of the walrus in their awkward play in the edge of the surf. Once a great bear ventured so close to the fire that Robert, who was on watch that night, was obliged to shoot it. The boys had fresh bear steak for many days after that, and enjoyed it greatly, even though it was a little strong, and not so tender as the flesh of the brown bear of the middle states. Still, it was an agreeable change, and the boys made the best of it.

When the provisions were landed, the boys began the erection of a house, taking the lumber from the interior partitions and floors of the Marion. This was a difficult undertaking, involving much labor and patience, but at last they had, all ready for occupancy, a hut about twenty by thirty feet in size, warmed by two of the ship's stoves; and three cosy bunks were fastened to the wall. Of bed clothing there was a plenty. The walls of the hut were low, it is true, being no more than seven feet in the clear; but, as Charley said, that would make it all the easier to keep the place warm. The exterior walls were rough, too, being composed of doors, flooring and cabin partitions, carried away in a lump, and such boards as would fill in the odd nooks and corners.

When the walls were thus far completed, the boys heated great buckets of tar and with it went over every inch of the interior, ceiling and all. Then, while the tar was still warm, they pasted on large sections of canvas, piece over piece, cut from the sails. This in turn was covered with heavy paper, found on board the ship, and the result was a wall calculated to resist the keenest weather.

When this work had been completed, great rocks were rolled from the cliffs and piled around the house, reaching nearly to the top of the walls. The roof was also protected in the same manner, and the boys rested from their labors, satisfied that they had a winter residence which neither the bears nor the emissaries of the Frost King could enter. And, indeed, it was a cosy little home, and the boys took great pride in furnishing and ornamenting it with tables, chairs, carpets, rugs and pictures and books taken from the ship. The provisions were kept at one end of the house, and the fuel was heaped in a huge pile before the door. Then the cast-aways were ready for the Arctic night, which was down upon them by the time their preparations were complete.

CHAPTER VIII.
A FRIEND IN NEED

About the middle of November the sun ceased to shine on the island, and lamps were always kept burning in the comfortable little house under the cliff. The rocks lay deep beneath a covering of snow and ice, while the thermometer stood steadily at about forty below zero. The winds and storm beat furiously upon the house, but it withstood the assaults sturdily. The auroras brightened the midnight sky with tremulous waves of ghostly light, and the stars shone out like globes of living fire.

As far as the eye could see, the ocean was a plain of ice. The Marion, lying on her beam-ends and filled with ice, was frozen in fast. The boys had removed the provisions and erected the house none too soon. No sounds were heard in the frigid stillness save now and then a sharp report as a fragment of some lofty peak, loosened by the frost, broke loose and fell with a crash. It was a wild and desolate scene, a dreary and awful place of refuge for the three young boys, but they endured their lot uncomplainingly.

The volcano in the center of the island had almost entirely subsided after a few days of active work in the way of filling the caverns of the central elevation with lava, though the summit of the little mountain continued to flaunt a banner of smoke. The bears, who seemed to regard the island as a desirable winter resort, flocking thither in large numbers, did not appear to regard this action on the part of the volcano in a favorable light, for they abandoned the vicinity of the cone and prowled and growled about the house as if anxious to share the shelter of the boys. The youngsters had to be very careful whenever they left the house, always going well armed and usually carrying a blazing torch: and many narrow escapes they had, even with these precautions. After they had inhabited the house a short time the boys had one regular visitor in the person of a huge she bear, which paid them a visit about twice a day, sniffing about the door for a time, and then going away, only to return and repeat the performance in a few hours. It began in this way:

One day this bear made her appearance in front of the house accompanied by a cub which had in some manner been wounded in one foot. Will had taken pity on the poor little beast, which seemed to be suffering great agony, and had tossed it a bit of meat, which it devoured greedily, to the evident satisfaction of the mother. The next day, or what would have been the next day if the sun had been there to divide the hours with her light, the she bear again made her appearance, still accompanied by the cub, and again a small piece of meat was thrown to the clumsy little sufferer.

The she bear was lean and hungry herself, but she never offered to touch the morsel thrown to her baby. After this

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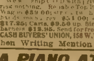

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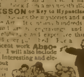

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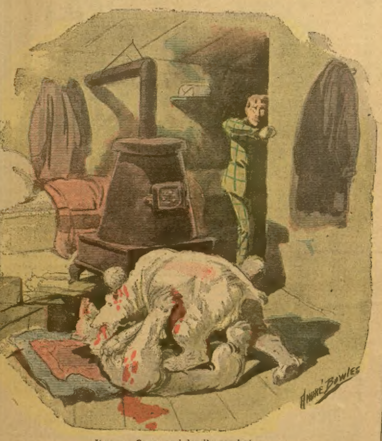
performance had taken place several days in succession, Will, who could now move about on a pair of crutches made by Robert, began to coax the little animal nearer to the door. After several efforts, he succeeded in getting the cub into the house and feeding it there, much to the dismay of the mother, who growled and clawed at the door continuously while her offspring was inside. Upon its return to the outer air, with its wound neatly dressed, the cub seemed to give, in the best bear vernacular, a favorable report of its experiences in the house, and from that day on it regularly feasted by the warm stove on such scraps as the boys thought best to give it. After a time its wound healed, and it then declined to leave the cosy room for the icy den it occupied with its mother, and became a fixture and a pet in the house. This arrangement did not appear to displease the mother, who evidently knew that the baby was better off with the boys than with herself, but every day she made her appearance for a frolic with the cub. She grew so tame after a time that the boys were not in the least afraid of her. Indeed, they looked forward to her visits as a pleasant diversion, and many a merry tumble and roll they had with the playful cub, Will teaching it to eat while sitting upright in a chair at the table. While this bear school was in progress, Charley was training a young walrus to follow him about like a dog, and many bouts the baby bear and the baby walrus had together. In this way the boys passed many hours, which would otherwise have hung heavily on their hands.

"I wonder," said Will, one day, "if our big bear won't go off and go to sleep some day?"

While he spoke the bear stood looking at him, apparently amazed at the suggestion, for she certainly seemed to understand. She was at least eight feet in length, with the narrow head, forehead in line with the elongated muzzle, short ears, and long neck peculiar to her race. She was of a creamy tint, showing her age, the cub being almost milk-white.



It was a fierce and deadly combat.

"No, sir," said Robert, "she won't desert us for sleep. It is bad form here for any bear but a pregnant female to hibernate. And another thing about polar bears. They attack by biting, but they don't hug, and they never attack man unless driven to it by hunger. This is the reason why we have so little trouble with the brutes here. Guess they manage to kill a walrus now and then and so keep pretty well fed. See how much fatter the bears are now than when we came here. Oh, we'll have a whole menagerie presently."

"I hope they won't eat my pet walrus," said Charley. "I think I'll have to shoot a big walrus occasionally and feed the bears that visit us."

"I can't help thinking how the bears would have devoured me that day on board the ship, if you had gone off with the men in the boats," said Will, "instead of sticking to me like a couple of bricks, as you did. Lying helpless there in the cabin, I should have been easy to overcome."

"If we had gone off in the boats we should have been drowned," said Charley, "so we looked after our own interests as well as yours."

"But you didn't know that at the time you stuck by me," said Will. "You believed that your remaining on the ship to help me meant death instead of life. Come, now, isn't that the truth?"

"For one," said Robert, "I don't know what I thought. I know that I exercised my best judgment at the time, and that is all there is to it. And then I hadn't forgotten that day in Boston, when your uncle saved us from prison and befriended us."

Will saw that his loyal friends were not inclined to discuss the matter, and so he changed the subject.

On the very next day the mother of the cub played an important role in what at first bid fair to be a tragedy in the little house tucked away under the cliffs. Robert and Charley had gone down to the wreck, leaving Will alone with the cub and the pet walrus. In going out they had unwittingly left the door unlatched, and Will, busy with a book, was not aware of the fact. He soon discovered it, however, for presently the door was clawed open and a gaunt and hungry she bear came snarling in. Will saw that his visitor was not the mother of his playfellow and, with the blood surging in great waves to his heart, he sprang for his gun. His foot slipped, however, and he found himself lying on the floor, unarmed and completely at the mercy of the savage animal. As the beast advanced upon him with a low growl he closed his eyes and gave up all hope. But assistance was nearer than he knew, and in a form he little suspected.

In a second he heard a snarl of rage and a scuffle, and, opening his eyes, he saw the mother of the cub engaged in battle royal with the stranger. Seeing the door open, and desiring her usual frolic with her cub, the bear had dashed into the house. Observing the stranger there, and believing her cub to be in danger, she had promptly thrown herself upon the animal which stood ready for a spring at the helpless boy. Scarcely believing his eyes, Will crawled away to the part of the room where the weapons were kept, and soon stood watching for an opportunity to land a bullet where it would do the most good, as he afterwards expressed it to Charley.

It was a fierce and deadly combat upon which he gazed. The bears fought all over the room, overturning table and chairs and more than once coming against the heated stove. Snarling, biting, clawing, they tore each other like bulldogs, and it was some time before Will was able to assist the animal which was fighting for his life. At length, however, he landed a bullet in the stranger's head, and she fell to the floor dead, while her antagonist threw herself down by the cub and began to lick it, regardless of her own bleeding wounds.

When Robert and Charley returned, they found Will dressing the wounds of his protector. The animal lay on the floor, still licking the cub, paying apparently, not the slightest attention to the boy. She was badly torn in several places, and blood was gushing from her hurts, but she gave no evidence of pain as the boy clipped away the hair and applied healing ointment and adhesive plaster to the injuries.

CHAPTER IX.

LOST IN THE DARKNESS.

"Look out!" shouted Charley, as he appeared in the open doorway. "The brute will take hold of you in a minute. What are you doing, anyway?"

Will explained briefly the events of the last few moments.

"Well," said Charley, "I was obliged to kill a walrus a little while ago, and I'm going back and bring up all the meat I can lug. This bear is going to have enough to eat for once."

He was as good as his word, and the mother of the cub was soon engaged in devouring a hearty meal, right there by the warm stove. She appeared to understand that the boys were making a sort of hero of her, for she winked her eyes knowingly, and, after eating her fill and giving the cub a parting caress, trotted off contentedly. She had received nothing but kindness at the hands of the boys, and evidently regarded them as companions rather than as objects to be feared or devoured.

"I wonder what will happen next?" laughed Robert, as the bear disappeared over the cliff. "Perhaps she will bring her companions here for a feast."

"I'm a little afraid of her," said Charley. "Some day when she is ravenous and we have no meat to give her, she may try to make a meal off one of us."

"I don't believe it," said Will. "She'll probably be back here soon to have her wounds looked after, and then you can see how gentle she is. Only for her, the other bear would have had a feast here, and I'm going to do everything that I can for her. You see, she thought that the strange bear had designs on her cub when she jumped into the fight, but that makes no difference with me. She saved my life just the same."

And, sure enough, the bear was back the next day, and Will dressed her wounds and fed her. This regular succession of events occurred for a long time, until the cub came to pay little attention to his mother, when she gradually ceased her visits. Will insisted that she had been killed or had fallen into a crevasse in the snow-covered rocks, else she would not have abandoned the friends who had treated her so kindly, but the truth was never known.

The three boys did their best to keep themselves employed during their waking hours, but still time dragged heavily on their hands. They read, studied, trained their pets, played checkers, and did many other things to occupy their minds, still thoughts of the far-away land which they might never see again would, in spite of all they could do, present themselves.

"I've got an idea," said Robert, as they sat by the fire after supper one night. In fact, it was all night there at that season, so far as any ray of sunshine was concerned, but the boys kept track of the hours when the sun would have shone down upon them if it had been high enough in the heavens, and called that day. The ship's chronometer had been taken to the house, and the boys watched it closely, rising every morning at seven and going to bed regularly at nine.

"What's your idea?" asked Will.

"It is to explore the island," was the reply. "We have been here a long time, still we know comparatively nothing about it. There may be living here on this very rock other people who have been cast away, who knows?"

"If there are other people here," said Charley, "and they haven't got a wrecked ship to provision them, they are in hard luck, that's all I can say."

"I mean to find out, anyway," said Robert.

"You don't catch me plunging around here in the dark," said Charley. "There are too many places to fall off of; and, besides, it's too cold."

"And the snow is too deep," added Will.

But Robert was not to be dissuaded, and the next morning, immediately after breakfast, he started off, very warmly dressed, and with his face protected from the bitter cold by a guard of fur, which left only the eyes and mouth uncovered. He carried with him, besides his gun and a quantity of ammunition, a liberal lunch, a coil of rope, a huge clasp-knife, plenty of matches, and a few rockets, of which the ship had contained quite a supply, the idea being to use them in signaling if necessary.

"If I am not here by six o'clock," he said, as he started away, "fire a gun and I'll answer if I'm within hearing."

That was a long day in the little house on the landing. At six o'clock Robert had not returned and Charley went to the door and fired three shots from his rifle. He listened intently for a moment, but there were no answering shots. Then he fired again and listened. The shots rang out almost like thunder crashes on the still air, but no reply was heard.

"Robert must be in trouble," said Charley, re-entering the house. "I think I'd better climb to the top of the bluff and fire a few more shots. The cliffs down here dead the sound. It might be well to build a fire up there, too. I can take a lot of oakum saturated with oil with me. I should have gone with him."

Will, fully anxious as his friend, made no objections, and the brave boy prepared himself for a struggle with the storm, which was rising rapidly, and started off. Ascending the cliff with great difficulty, for the wind was now blowing in great gusts from the north, he fired repeatedly, but there was no return shot. Then he ignited a part of the oil-saturated oakum he had brought with him, reserving the rest for future use, and stood by it until the light blaze died down. There were no indications that his signal had been observed by the wanderer, but the light of the flame showed unmistakable evidence that Robert had passed that way earlier in the day. Here and there, in small sheltered places not swept by the wind, were footprints leading along the edge of the cliff to the south. Returning to the house, Charley procured a large ship's lantern, plentifully supplied with oil, and again ascended the wall of rock. He reasoned that the lantern would serve a twofold purpose, as it would aid him in following such faint traces of the missing boy as the storm had not obliterated, and, then, Robert might be guided by its light.

It was evident that Robert had resolved to make the circuit of the island by turning south at the point where he had gained to summit and following the edge of the rocky formation. It was a difficult and dangerous route, for the surface was very uneven and covered with snow. But the very obstacles which impeded Charley's progress not infrequently informed him that he was on the right track. At the top of a jagged spur of rock he occasionally came upon deep cuts in the smooth ice where Robert had rested and cut down with his knife, bent on seeing what sort of for-

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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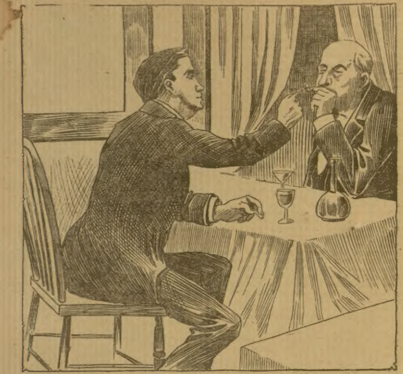

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"Yes; she framed our marriage certificate."
"Well, that's all right."
"But she has framed my letter of proposal."
"Oh, Jiminy!"

An Ocean Mystery.

(Continued from thirteenth page.)

mation lay underneath. At the bottom of narrow valleys he found the prints of his friends shoes in the snow, the marks being protected from the wind by the overhanging cliffs. And so, swinging his lantern high in the air and occasionally firing his rifle, the boy crept on in the stormy, dreary Arctic night.

After a couple of hours of hard, exhausting work, Charley came to a spot where the outer wall seemd to end abruptly. Below and about half way to the level of the sea, lay a smooth stretch of surface of about an acre in extent. Beyond it the shore ridge began again. Scrambling down the bluff at the side, Charley saw that he was standing on a small extension of the circular valley in which the volcano was situated, the level extending to the very edge of the island and overlooking the sea. Although there was no landing there, it was a fine, sightly spot, commanding a good view of the ocean to the south, probably fifty feet below the surface of the little plateau. In the face of the abrupt cliff upon which he had recently stood, Charley saw the dark mouth of a cavern, something similar to the one Robert had entered in the side of the volcanic cone.

Stepping to the edge of the opening, Charley discharged his gun, and called to his friend many times. The cavern took up the sounds and sent them echoing into its depths, but there was no other answer. Then, holding the lantern close to the ground, the bay advonced into the cave. A few yards from the entrance he saw by scattered crumbs and scraps of food that Robert had eaten his lunch there, and he pressed on.

Presently he came to a deep depression, the bottom of which he reached with difficulty. Here, in the fine sand, or pulverized rock, rather, which lined the floor, he saw footprints leading into the interior, but none coming out. Robert, then, must be in the subterraneous depths beyond, but how he had managed to make his way in that dark hole without the aid of a lantern was more than Charley could imagine.

In a moment the light of the boy's lantern revealed an alcove in the stone wall on the shore side. Lifting his lantern, he stepped inside, gazed about the narrow space for an instant and then hastened back, his heart palpitating with a nameless terror, his face white as the snow on the ice of the open sea, his trembling limbs barely supporting his body. Once back in the main cavern, the boy placed the lantern on the floor and involuntarily closed his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible sight.

Further chapters of this highly interesting juvenile story will be found in next week's Ledger. See our premium offers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Black Dagger.

(Continued from page seven.)

"I believe not."

"Were many people admitted to the treasure house?"

"Bless you, no, sir. I always believed that I am the only woman that ever saw the gems in their hiding place, and, as I have told you, I owe my visit to Hugo."

"It is very strange."

"But let me show you the black dagger. You wanted to see it and the inscription, I believe?"

Again Valerie went to the safe the doors of which she had left open.

"It is in a secret drawer which I have not opened since I first deposited it there," she said. "Ah, here we are. Merciful heavens! The black blade is gone!"

Valerie reeled from the safe with a cry and her hands pressed against her forehead. Her beautiful face was quite white and her eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets.

"Not there?" and in a moment Donald Black was at her side.

"Look for yourself. I placed it in that drawer!" Valerie cried. "I put it there with my own hands; but it is not there now!"

The detective bent forward and pulled out the drawer to its full length. It was empty.

"My God! What does this theft mean?" and Valerie stared blankly at the robbed drawer. "We are on the eve of another terrible tragedy, Mr. Black, for you know what the legend says:

" 'Who handles me some one must slay
In darksome night or sunlit day.' "

With the last word Valerie sank to the floor unconscious.

(Continued next week.)

An Ideal of True Greatness.

A Cleveland paper tells a story of a street incident which shows the ideal of greatness which the sensational newspapers, with their extravagant attention to "athletics," are inculcating among the street boys.

Two very dirty boys of this class were engaged in disfiguring as much as possible every face on the advertisements on a big bill-board. They turned the actress into bearded ladies, put cigars in the mouths of respectable and gentlemen, and gave Admiral Dewey a black eye.

Then one of them started with his pencil for a face in the middle of the board. But the others called out:

"Hey! don't do anythin' to that?"

"Why not?" asked the first.

"Why don't yer know? That's Jeffries, the champion.

They left the face unmutilated, looked respectfully at it a moment, and trudged along.

Chapped Hands or Face.

Yolk of one egg, two ounces of honey, one of oil of almonds, a few drops of perfume and half an ounce of powdered orris root. This should be applied after washing. This is sufficient for one person three months.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

May Be One of Two Causes.

Tommy—Pop, what is second sight?

Tommy's Pop—Second sight, my son, is a gift that is sometimes due to supernatural causes, and sometimes to too many cocktails.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Had His Doubts.

"They say," said the landlady, "that a piece of steak dropped into liquid air can be broken with a hammer."

"Steak like this?" asked the sandy-whiskered boarder, in a tone of mild astonishment.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.
Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

The Facts of the Case.

"I understand that Banker Bustupp was really the victim of people in whom he had placed confidence."

"I guess it is so. Poor man, he was more skinned against than skinning."

LINES TO A FURNACE.

BY JOHN PENGRAVE

To you, O furnace of the frosty ways!
I dedicate this shivering appeal
As from your icy register I feel
A chilling blast its stinging tongue upraise.
Why is it that, through fiercest winter days,
You've given me this grim, cold-storage deal,
And puffed chill air up at me, till I reel
Like some dazed victim of a blizzard's maze?

When the autumn's crimson leaves were falling yet—
I well remember—then your breath was hot;
You kept the whole house in a torrid sweat,
As if the devil's self were in the plot.
O furnace! try those torturings of yore;
Bring back the autumn martyrdom—and more!

An Unusual Combat.

A battle of an unusual character was observed in one of the streets of Easton this morning. A dozen or more English sparrows had attacked a big barn rat, which was trying to make its way across the street to a hiding place.

They charged the rat viciously with beaks and claws, singly or by twos or threes, jumping back into the air as soon as a blow had been struck.

All the English sparrows in the neighborhood were much excited and those not engaged in the fight filled the air with their loud and excited chattering, and jumped about encouraging the birds that were fighting. There were not fewer than 100 sparrows in all.

The rat got severely wounded and became confused. The birds would have killed it had not a man who happened to see the affair rushed to kill the rat. Of course, he scared the birds away, and equally, of course the rat got away from his clumsy feet. At one time it looked as if the sparrows would attack the man for interfering.

English as She Is Pronounced.

Speaking of the "vulgar pronunciation," an English journal expresses a wonder whether the pronunciation of some of the ignorant classes or some of the cultivated classes is the worse.

For instance, the groom says, " 'Arry, 'old my 'oss."

But the curate says: "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw."

And the doctor's wife says: "Jawge, please to Awthah and awdah the hawse, and don't forget to look at the fiah."

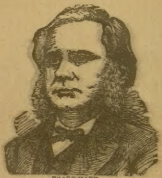
And the vicar says: "If owah gwacious sovering lady wur-ah to die!"

Paradise.

"How is your sister enjoying her honeymoon trip?"

"She is perfectly happy. At Buffalo she began to insist on having her own way, and by the time she got to Chicago she had control of the pocketbook."

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT
ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL



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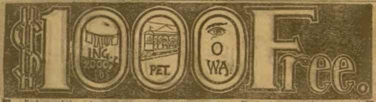
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Each one of the ciphers in the above $1,000 represents something. The first is the name of a large city; the second, an article used in every house; and the third, the name of a State. This new puzzle can be solved with a little study. IF YOU CAN MAKE OUT THE NAME OF THE CITY, THE ARTICLE USED IN THE HOUSE AND THE NAME OF THE STATE, YOU MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF $1000 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY for doing a little work for us. This you can do in less than one hour of your time. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the best New York Story Magazines into every house in the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out your answer, write it plainly on a postal card and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. It may take a little study to get the three answers correctly, BUT STICK TO IT AND TRY AND GET YOUR SHARE OF THE $1,000. A COPY OF THIS CELEBRATED FIFTY CENT NEW YORK MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Send your answer immediately. Address THE PARAGON PUBLISHING COMPANY, 22 North William St., New York City.

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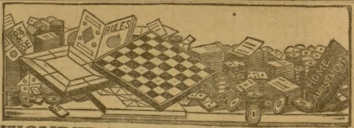

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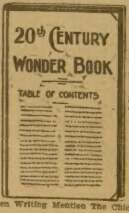

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BOYCE'S MONTHLY,
Boyce Building, - Chicago

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A LENTEN WISH.

I would that all the year were Lent,
For then Adele might be
As contrite and as penitent
For all her sauce to me
Through twelve long, blissful months in lieu
Of forty fleeting days,
And, tiring soon of rack and rue,
Resolve to mend her ways.

I would that all the year were Lent,
For maybe ere its close
Adele would find her substance spent
In easing others' woes.
And then, from routs a fugitive,
Reduced to poverty,
She might, with nothing else to give,
Give up herself—to me!

◆

A Lariat's Swing.

The drummer had just come back from Texas and, of course, he had something to tell, but as yet he had given no sign.

"Well," said the hotel clerk, insinuatingly, "what did you see in Texas?"

"If you hadn't asked me pretty soon," responded the drummer, "I should have told you anyhow."

"It must have been something big," smiled the clerk.

"It was something I had never seen before."

"Go on with it," urged the clerk.

"Well," went on the drummer, "about a week ago I was in one of the country towns and it seemed to be a cowboy holiday, for the town was full of them. They were raising Samhill, too, and I was pretty thoroughly tired of the whole gang. Just about when I was ready to hide myself in my room to get away from them, I heard a terrific shout on the street, and I stepped to the window to see what it was. It was a horse in a light wagon coming at breakneck-and-everything speed down the street, with a woman and child in the wagon. At the end of the street was a ditch fifteen feet deep and it was plain that when the runaway got there a tragedy would occur. Everybody seemed to be powerless, and the few who tried to do anything only made matters worse. Then I heard a shout, and a cowboy came around the corner fifty yards behind the wagon. He was on a big, lungy kind of a horse, but he was making him go his best, and he was gaining on the runaway. But not much, and the interest seemed to change from the danger of the woman and child to which horse was the faster. I thought the chasing would make the other horse run faster, and perhaps it did, but in a minute I saw the cowboy swing a rope or something in his hand, and as I was wondering what the mischief he was going to do with that thing, he gave it a sling and a twirl and the next instant his own horse settled back on his haunches, and the runaway went over on his side, not a dozen feet from the ditch. I didn't understand it even then, and rushed out on the street, as everybody who had been watching the exciting chase from the windows was doing, and at the door I met a big fellow coming in. As he passed me I heard him say, 'Bill is he—l with the lariat. I bet twenty he'd throw him afore he got to the ditch.' That explained matters," concluded the drummer, "and when Bill came back with the woman and child safe, but somewhat shaken up, I invited him in and broke a bottle in honor of himself and his lariat."

◆

Uncle Bob's Hailstone Story.

"That hailstorm the other day reminds me of an old countryman I used to know when I was living in south Georgia," remarked a college professor, apropos of sudden changes in the weather. "He was in at least one respect a very remarkable character. To a casual listener he appeared to be a fluent and unconscionable liar, yet when you came to scrutinize any of his statements closely it was impossible to catch him in the slightest deviation from the truth. One day in early spring we had an unusually severe fall of hail, and next morning, while driving down the road with a friend, we happened to encounter the old fellow at his gate. 'Well, Uncle Bob,' I said, 'that was a pretty bad hailstorm we had yesterday.' 'I should say it was,' he replied; 'you jest oughter seed some of the stones that come down in my back yard.' 'How big were they?' I asked. ''Bout as big as small watermelons,' said he. 'Well, we've caught him in a whopper at last,' chuckled my friend, as we drove on. 'No, we haven't,' I groaned. 'As usual, the old rascal has secured all the advantage of a fine, large lie, and at the same time has adhered rigidly to the truth. Look at that vine.' An early watermelon vine was festooning the bottom rail of a fence by the roadside, and here and there it was studded with minute green spheres about the size of gooseberries. My friend made no comment. I never tried to catch Uncle Bob again."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

◆

Fully Equipped.

Sir Robert Peel was once going through a picture collection with a friend where there was a portrait of a prominent Englishman who was famous for saying sharp things.

"How wonderfully like," said the friend. "You can see the quiver on his lips."

"Yes," replied Sir Robert, "and the arrows coming out of it."

◆

Cruel!

Mrs. Mouse—Oh, dear! I've had such a start!

Mr. Mouse—What's the matter?

Mrs. Mouse—I met a great big horrid creature upstairs that jumped on a chair and waved her clothes at me and screamed so it frightened me almost to death!

◆

A Boon to the Fraternity.

Weary Walker—Dese automobiles are gittin' mighty common.

Dusty Rhodes—Yep; it'll soon be safe fer us fellers to say we're hostlers lookin' fer work.

◆

The Usual Way.

Watchmaker—All that ails your watch is that the hands are caught. The big one seems to be holding the little one.

Miss Gay (demurely)—Isn't that the right way?

◆

Knew He Was a Good Catch.

She—And now, Elfred, dear, you would better go and ask papa.

He—No, darling; it isn't necessary. He and I fixed that all up beforehand. It's business before pleasure, you know.

◆

A Paradox.

"We couldn't get that famous low contralto to sing at our musicale."

"Why?"

"We found that her voice came too high for us."

◆

Breach Suit.

Judge—You deny that you ever loved the plaintiff, yet in one of your letters to her you ask her to be "your valentine."

Defendant—Yes, your honor; I meant comic valentine!

◆

The Real Agony.

"Jones, did you suffer much when you got that fall on the icy sidewalk?"

"I suffered more from hearing my wife say nineteen times that she had told me I ought to wear my overshoes."

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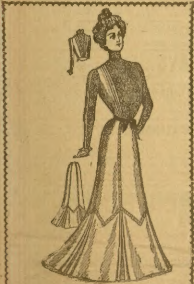
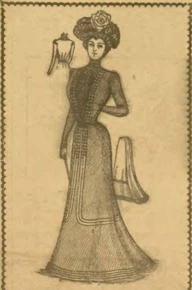
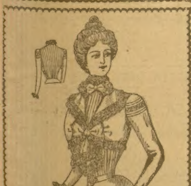
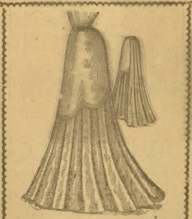
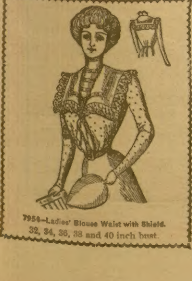
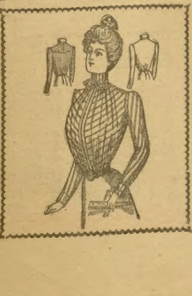

7957—Ladies' Fancy Waist.
7906—Ladies' Seven Gored Skirt.
Waist 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inch bust.
Skirt 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inch waist.


7942—Ladies' Basque Waist.
7864—Ladies' Skirt.
Basque 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inch bust.
Skirt 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inch waist.


7948—Ladies' Waist with Bolero to Tie in Bow at the Front.
32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.


7952—Ladies' Box Plaited Skirt with Apron Overskirt.
22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist.


7954—Ladies' Blouse Waist with Shield.
32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.



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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

SOME AMUSING ANTICS.

BY S. FRANK AARON.

Nothing in nature is more amusing than the playful antics of many kinds of young animals. Babies are popular favorites, and the appearance of a baby lion or a baby elephant will always draw a crowd to a menagerie.

Everybody has watched with amusement the play of a kitten. I have seen an entire family, headed by a sedate and learned scholar, sit for half an hour at a time and watch a kitten playing with a ball hung by a string from the ceiling. The kitten shows itself a consummate actor, turning its back upon the ball with sublime indifference, or returning to the attack with reckless courage. The ball, sent whirling through the air by a blow from the velvety paw, returns with unerring aim and knocks the seemingly forgetful puss over and over.

A kitten is a type of grace in outline and motion, but perhaps the rougher and clumsier young animals are even more amusing, two puppies, for instance, tumbling over each other in play, and with everlasting good-nature chewing each other's ears, legs and tails. Ponto will roll over at Carlo's attack, legs in air, and Carlo will back off as if in contemplation, head on one side; and then, crouching as if enraged, will suddenly bark and growl and make as if to snap Ponto's kicking paws before rushing in to chew again, and then, tumbling over him, will find himself the under dog.

Still more awkward and clumsy, and therefore more comical, are young bears; more interesting, too, because we know their huge size and savage nature when grown. Baby bears are prize-fighters and wrestlers of no mean power, full of grit and stubborn resolution, yet always "in fun," as boys say. Nothing is more laughable than to see two bear cubs sparring. There is no science about it; it is not "the manly art of self-defense," but all "hammer and tongs," the little giants often dealing each other such [illegible] as to astonish the beholder with [illegible] unfailing good-nature. At last they [illegible] with biting thrown in, and the [illegible] to an end with a grand tumble [illegible] in hugging embrace.

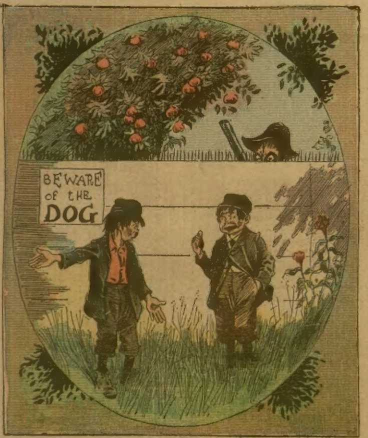
I remember seeing two bear cubs playing in a cage with a young fox. It began with the attempt of the bears to roll over on the fox while he was trying to get a nap. Presently he started up and went for the bears, using his sharp teeth with such effect as to make them clamber up to the board roost in the cage. But it was not long before one cub would knock the other off and then follow him instantly, both coming down on top of the fox with a weight that almost squeezed the breath out of him. Then the sharp teeth would get to work again; but there was always the best of humor on both sides.

The young of the larger domestic and horned animals, too, are often full of play. Calves are given to arching their backs and tails, and rushing around in the pasture, for they can run like deer and seem proud of their speed. Lambs are much feebler and less spry than calves, but their stiff-legged jumps straight up in air, and their mimic butting contests, all the time with the meek and most innocent look, are very amusing.

But of all babies, the clumsiest, scrawnlest, most woe-begone little apologies for quadrupeds are the kids—the baby goats. Their disposition to sport and have a good time seems to last nearly all day, and they rest only while they sleep. Their tottering, flimsy legs seem hardly capable of such exertion. On the southwestern prairies great numbers of Angora and Persian goats are herded and left to themselves in large flocks to roam at will over the ranches, protected by the powerful billygoats, which no beast of prey, wolf, bear or panther, dares to approach. A man may walk leisurely through such a herd, even stopping to scratch the head of a big-horned and patriarchal billy; but the dog must be left behind, for the billies will charge on him and chase him out of range. A herd of goats will often range miles away from human habitation, the billies keeping on the outer margin and the nannies and the kids occupying the inner ground, where the never-ending sport of the kids makes things very lively.

At times such a herd wanders over a "hog-wallow" prairie, composed of alternating pits and hillocks for miles, and these hillocks form the stage of mimic battles of great portent in the kid world. One little fellow mounts with uncertain legs to the top of a hillock and defies the whole crowd to roust him out, which they all attempt to do forthwith. The holder of the fort on the miniature kopje will attempt to butt his assailants down the sloping sides, and he rises on his wobbly hind legs and lungs at them as if he meant to butt them off the face of the earth. This lunge often sends his rearing antagonists heels over head, one falling against another, in a confused heap. Or perhaps the holder of the kopje, missing his aim, tumbles down hill with his own momentum, or is butted off from the rear, and on rising finds another kid in his place; so that the coveted hill top is always changing its champion.

It is hardly necessary to add that there is a scientific basis for all this baby restlessness. Young and rapidly growing animals must have active motion to harden their muscles and promote vigorous health. Exercise is as important to their proper development as the food they eat and the air they breathe, and this natural demand finds ready expression in play.



Foxey Foster—Come on, Johnny: don't let's steal them apples. We is got better ones in our orchard. Besides it's wicked to steal.

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